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THE
ANGEL OF THE WORLD;

AN ARABIAN TALE:

S E B A S T I A N ;

A SPANISH TALE:

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

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PREFACE.

THE poem of the Angel of the World is founded on the story told by Mohammed, as a warning against wine. The Angels Haruth and Maruth had spoken arrogantly of their power to resist the temptations which made man so often culpable; and they were sent down to earth to give proof of their virtue. A spirit was sent in the shape of a woman to tempt them; they withstood her

seductions until she had prevailed on them to drink wine; they then gave way to all excesses at once, and completed their crimes by revealing the words that raise men to angels: they were judged, and exiled from Heaven. The story is one of those modifications of the history of the fall of Lucifer, and the temptation in Paradise, which make up so large a portion of Asiatic mythology. In the poem, some alterations and additions easily suggested themselves. There is but one Angel, and he fails by a succession of attempts upon his firmness, each accompanied by a warning that justifies the final punishment. Those lessons are given in some of the phenomena common to the fiery soil and exalted atmosphere of the east. The

mirage, the simoom, the sand-storm, and the shooting stars, all common to the borders of Syria, are among those lessons and wonders. The Aurora Borealis though not native to the lower latitudes, has sometimes shone out in all its brilliancy on the shores of the Mediterranean.

The author of the poem desires to be discharged of all responsibility for the catastrophe. He has ventured to mitigate the Koran, which had undoubtedly the best right to mulct its own Angels; but he has done it in mercy to the propensities of Christendom. Οίνυς τί ἀρείον ?

Arabian literature abounds in tales of this

order; and even of superior pathos, variety, and grandeur. The world have been wearied by the boundless exaggeration and figurative extravagance of the Indian and Persian poetry. The true mine is in Arabia. The barren glare of oriental fable repels the heart; the most popular pieces of Arabian verse have had their origin in those slight events which occur in common life, and which must owe their interest to the poet's sensibility. A petty chieftain had been thrown into prison, at Sana, by the Imam, for plundering. A bird that alighted on the opposite roof attracted the prisoner's eye. He remembered the merit attached by the Mohammedans to letting a bird out of its cage. The chieftain was a poet, and his thoughts ran into

song. The verses were of such beauty that they were learned by his guards; from the prison they spread through the town; they were like the “Cupid king of gods and men” of Abdera; an epidemic of song spread through the territory, till it reached the Imam, who was like other monarchs, at least in Asia, the last man to hear what was in the soul and lips of his lieges. The Imam was charmed, and the captive’s chains fell off immediately. An incident of this rank is a subject for poetry only where it meets a practised susceptibility in the people.

The scholar who may turn his attention to Arabic poetry, will find some resources in our

own literature;—Sir William Jones's Fourth Discourse to the Asiatic Society, Pococke's *Specimen Historiæ Arabum*, Richardson's *Dissertation on the Languages of the East*, Niebuhr, and the late Professor Carlyle's volume of specimens, are a valuable introduction to this interesting knowledge. It would be unjust to the merits of a very able work to omit mentioning *Mr. Mills's* late *History of Mohammedanism*. The chapter on the Saracen literature is at once eloquent and learned.

The other poems in this volume must now be left to explain themselves. *Sebastian* has some foundation in fact, and may have had a hundred similars in the dislocated society of a

country so often the seat of war as Spain, and under all its calamities, so strikingly preserving its old romantic character; the moral Herculaneum, with its grace and beauty, the picture and the statue, buried under the covering of indolent ages, but on the first earthquake that shook the soil, letting out its ancient treasures, fresh and forcible as ever upon the eye. The Spaniards are to this hour the most original of all nations; their manners like no other manners; their public spirit like no other public spirit; their wars like no other wars. The poem is in the irregular rhyme common to continental literature.

The Miscellaneous Poems have been written

at considerable intervals, and some of them have already appeared in periodical publications.

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THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD.

THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD.

I.

THERE'S glory on thy mountains, proud Bengal,
When on their temples bursts the morning sun !
There's glory on thy silver-tower'd wall,
Proud Ispahan, beneath his burning noon !
There's glory—when his golden course is done,
Proud Istamboul, upon thy waters blue !
But fall'n Damascus, thine was beauty's throne,
In morn, and noon, and evening's purple dew,
Of all from Ocean's marge to mighty Himmalu.

II.

East of the city stands a lofty mount,
Its brow with lightning delved and rent in sunder ;
And thro' the fragments rolls a little fount,
Whose channel bears the blast of fire and thunder ;
And there has many a pilgrim come to wonder ;
For there are flowers unnumber'd blossoming,
With but the bare and calcined marble under ;
Yet in all Asia no such colours spring,
No such perfumes as in that mountain's rocky ring.

III.

And some, who pray'd the night out on the hill,
Have said they heard,—unless it was their dream,
Or the mere murmur of the babbling rill,—
Just as the morn-star shot its first slant beam,
A sound of music, such as they might deem
The song of spirits—that would sometimes sail
Close to their ear, a deep, delicious stream,
Then sweep away, and die with a low wail ;
Then come again, and thus, till LUCIFER was pale.

IV.

And some, but bolder still, had dared to turn
That soil of mystery for hidden gold ;
But saw strange, stifling blazes round them burn,
And died :—by few that venturous tale was told.
And wealth was found ; yet, as the pilgrims hold,
Tho' it was glorious on the mountain's brow,
Brought to the plain it crumbled into mould,
The diamonds melted in the hand like snow ;
So none molest that spot for gems or ingots now.

V.

But one, and ever after, round the hill
He stray'd :—they said a meteor scorch'd his sight ;
Blind, mad, a warning of Heaven's fearful will.
'Twas on the sacred evening of "The Flight,"⁽¹⁾
His spade turned up a shaft of marble white,
Fragment of some Kiosk, the chapiter
A crystal circle, but at morn's first light
Rich forms began within it to appear,
Sceptred and winged, and then it sank in water clear.

VI.

Yet once upon that guarded mount, no foot
But of the Moslem true might press a flow'r,
And of them none, but with some solemn suit
Beyond man's help, might venture near the bow'r ;
For, in its shade, in beauty and in pow'r,
For judgment, sat the ANGEL OF THE WORLD ;
Sent by the prophet, till the destin'd hour
That saw in dust Arabia's idols hurl'd,
Then to the skies again his wing should be unfurl'd.

VII.

It came at last. It came with trumpets' sounding,
It came with thunders of the Atabal,
And warriors' shouts, and Arab chargers' bounding,
The Sacred Standard crown'd Medina's wall.
From palace, mosque, and minaret's golden ball,
Ten thousand emerald banners floated free,
Beneath, like sun-beams, thro' the gateway tall,
The Emirs led their steel-mail'd chivalry,
And the whole city rang with sports and soldier glee.

VIII.

'This was the eve of eves, the end of war,
Beginning of Dominion, first of Time!
When, swifter than the shooting of a star,
Mohammed saw the "Vision's"⁽²⁾ pomps sublime;
Swept o'er the rainbowed sea—the fiery clime,
Heard from the throne its will in thunders roll'd;
Then glancing on our world of woe and crime,
Saw from Arabia's sands his banner's fold
Wave o'er the brighten'd orb its sacred, conquering gold.

IX.

The sun was slowly sinking to the west,
Pavilion'd with a thousand glorious dyes;
The turtle-doves were winging to the nest;
Along the mountain's soft declivities,
The fresher breath of flowers began to rise,
Like incense, to that sweet departing sun;
Low sank the city's hum, the shepherd's cries:
A moment, and the lingering disk was gone;
A moment, and th' impatient Angel's task was done.

X.

Oft had he gazed upon that lovely vale,
But never gazed with gladness such as now ;
When on Damascus' roofs and turrets pale
He saw the solemn sunlight's fainter glow,
He heard the Imauns' sacred voice below
Swell like a silver trumpet on the air,
The vintagers' sweet song, the camels' low,
As home they stalk'd from pasture, pair by pair,
Flinging long giant shadows in the sunset glare.

XI.

He raised his sceptre, and a rush of plumes
Shook the thick dew-drops from the roses' dyes ;
And as embodying of their waked perfumes,
A sudden crowd of forms, with lightning eyes,
And flower-crown'd hair, and cheeks of Paradise,
Circled the bower of beauty on the wing,
And the rich air was fill'd with symphonies
Of seeming flute, and horn, and golden string,
That slowly rose, and o'er the Mount hung hovering.

XII.

The Angel sat absorb'd in lofty thought,
Back from his splendid brow his ringlets flung,
His broad effulgent eye on Heaven's blue vault;
Another moment, and his wing had sprung,
The evening hymn broke off.—A pilgrim clung
To the pavilion's steps. The Sun was gone;
His quivering plume upon the breeze was hung,
He heard the pilgrim's deep and struggling groan,
He paused,—and sank, half wrath, half pity, on his throne.

XIII.

Yet all was soon restor'd; this labour past
His sojourn on the cloudy earth was done.
His glance again upon the form was cast,
That now seem'd dying on the dazzling stone;
He bade it rise and speak. The silver tone
Of Earth's high Sovereign mingled joy with fear;
As summer vales of rose by lightning shown,
As the night-fountain in the desert drear;
His voice was sudden life to that fall'n suppliant's ear.

XIV.

The form arose—the face was in a veil,
The voice was low, and often check'd with sighs ;
The tale it utter'd was a simple tale ;
A vow to close a dying parent's eyes,
Had brought its weary steps from Tripolis ;
The Arab in the Syrian mountains lay,
The caravan was made the robber's prize,
The pilgrim's little wealth was swept away,
Man's help was vain. The voice here sank in soft decay.

XV.

“ And this is Earth ! ” the Angel frowning said,
And from the ground he took a matchless gem,
And flung it to the mourner, then outspread
His mighty pinions in the parting beam ;
The pilgrim started at the diamond's gleam,
Look'd up in pray'r, then, bending near the throne,
Shed the quick tears that from the bosom stream,
And tried to speak, but tears were there alone ;
The pitying Angel said, “ Be happy and be gone.”

XVI.

The weeper raised the veil ; a ruby lip
First dawn'd : then glow'd the young cheek's deeper hue,
Yet delicate as roses when they dip
Their odorous blossoms in the morning dew.
Then beam'd the eyes, twin stars of living blue ;
Half shaded by the curls of glossy hair,
That turned to golden as the light wind threw
Their clusters in the western golden glare.
Yet was her blue eye dim, for tears were standing there.

XVII.

He look'd upon her, and her hurried gaze
Was at his look dropp'd instant on the ground ;
But o'er her cheek of beauty rush'd a blaze,
Her bosom heaved above its silken bound,
As if the soul had felt some sudden wound.
He looked again ; the cheek was deadly pale ;
The bosom sank with one long sigh profound ;
Yet still one lily hand upheld her veil,
And one still press'd her heart—that sigh told all its tale.

XVIII.

She stoop'd and from the thicket pluck'd a flower,
Kiss'd it with eager lip, then with faint hand
Laid it upon the bright step of the bower ;
Such was the ancient custom of the land.
Her sighs were richer than the rose they fann'd,
The breezes swept it to the Angel's feet ;
Yet even that sweet slight boon, 'twas Heaven's command,
He must not touch, from her tho' doubly sweet,
No earthly gift must stain that hallow'd judgment-seat.

XIX.

The flower still lay upon the splendid spot,
The Pilgrim turn'd away as smote with shame ;
Her eye a glance of self-upbraiding shot,
That pierced his bosom like a shaft of flame.
The humbled one pronounced and bless'd his name,
Cross'd her white arms, and slowly bade farewell.
A sudden faintness o'er the Angel came ;
The voice rose sweet and solemn as a spell,
She bowed her face to Earth, and o'er it dropp'd her veil.

XX.

Beauty, what art thou, that thy slightest gaze
Can make the spirit from its centre roll,
Its whole long course, a sad and shadowy maze?
Thou midnight or thou noontide of the soul;
One glorious vision lighting up the whole
Of the wide world; or one deep, wild desire,
By day and night consuming, sad and sole;
Till Hope, Pride, Genius, nay, till Love's own fire
Desert the weary heart, a cold and mouldering pyre.

XXI.

Enchanted sleep, yet full of deadly dreams;
Companionship divine, stern solitude;
Thou serpent, colour'd with the brightest gleams
That e'er hid poison, making hearts thy food;
Woe to the heart that lets thee once intrude,
Victim of visions that life's purpose steal,
Till the whole struggling nature lies subdued,
Bleeding with wounds the grave alone must heal;
Bright Spirit was it thine that mortal woe to feel?

XXII.

Still knelt the Suppliant cover'd with her veil,
 But all her beauty living on his eye,
 Still sunny bright the clustering ringlets fell
 Around her forehead's polish'd ivory,
 Her hidden cheek was still the rose-bud's dye,
 He heard her parting sigh beside him swell,
 He glanced around—no Spirit hover'd nigh.
 He took the flow'r, and blushing, sigh'd "farewell."
 What sound has stunned his ear? A sudden thunder-peal.

XXIII.

He look'd on Heaven, 'twas calm, but in the vale⁽³⁾
 A creeping mist had girt the mountain round,
 The golden minarets thro' it glimmer'd pale,
 It scaled the mount,—their last faint gleam was drown'd.
 The sky was with its livid hue embrown'd,
 But what was mist swift grew a circling sea,
 Reflecting lovely from its blue profound
 Mountain, and crimson cloud, and blossomed tree,
 Another Heaven and Earth in bright tranquillity.

XXIV.

And on its waters swam a small chaloupe,
That bore a woman by the mountain's side ;
The silken sail that flutter'd o'er its poop,
Was all its canopy, too slight to hide
A form that look'd an Houri in her pride.
A hunter, as the day began to fail,
Was hastening home, he linger'd by the tide,
He listen'd to the sweet deceiver's tale,
And trusted to the wave, for beauty will prevail.

XXV.

A sudden flash illumed the vast Mirage ;
The sky grew dark—the hurricane was come ;
How shall the skiff with that wild sea engage !
The quivering helm in vain was turn'd to home ;
The prow sprang arrowy swift through piles of foam ;
One billow chased it on with rush and roar ;
It reach'd the prey, the hunter saw his doom ;
Clasping his love, he sat, and strove no more ;
It came and pass'd away. His corpse lay on the shore.

XXVI.

The Angel's heart was thrill'd—but that touch'd flow'r,
Now opening, breathed such fragrance subtly sweet,
That he still held it,—felt it overpower
His soul——he ventured not her eye to meet,
But gazed upon the small unsandal'd feet
That shone like silver on the floor of rose,
At length he raised his glance ;—the veil's light net
Had floated backwards from her pencil'd brows,
Her eye was fix'd in melancholy, mild repose.

XXVII.

A simple Syrian lyre was on her breast,
And on her lip the voice hung murmuring
An evening hymn, which from the mountain's crest
The Angel oft had heard the shepherds sing.
She paused,—her white hand floated o'er the string,
Like the Aurelia o'er the hyacinth's bell,
Like lilies waving in the airs of Spring,
Then woke its inmost soul's enchanting swell.
The thunder nearer roll'd :—the Angel heard no peal.

XXVIII.

He heard not even the strain, tho' it had changed
From the calm sweetness of the holy hymn :
His thoughts from depth to depth unconscious ranged,
Yet all within was dizzy, strange, and dim ;
A mist seem'd spreading between Heaven and him ;
He sat absorb'd in dreams ;—a searching tone
Came on his ear, oh how her dark eyes swim
Who breath'd that echo of a heart undone,
The song of early joys, delicious, dear, and gone !

XXIX.

The Angel felt his madness, waved his hand
To bid her leave the arbour—and arose ;
But nearer still the Minstrel took her stand,
Impassion'd beauty on her young cheek glows ;
In a sweet, tender smile her lips disclose
The pearly teeth—her form of symmetry
Bends like a rose-stem, when the zephyr blows ;
And tho' her voice is trembling as a sigh
Love triumphs in her smile, and fond, delicious eye.

XXX.

At once the strain awoke—wild, potent, grand,
The praise of hearts that scorn the world's control,
Disdaining all but Love's delicious band,
The chain of gold and flow'rs, the tie of soul.
She stopp'd—strange paleness o'er her beauty stole,
She glanced above, then sank her glowing eye,
Blue as the star that glitter'd by the pole ;
One tear-drop gleam'd, her quick hand dash'd it by,
She dropp'd the lyre, and turn'd—as if she turn'd to die.

XXXI.

The night-breeze from its mountains had begun,
And as it wing'd among the clouds of even,
That slept along the horizon, where the Sun
Still blazed below the fiery verge of Heaven,
Their volumes in ten thousand shapes were driven,
Like flaming mountains, mighty palace halls,
Whose lights, from gold and emerald lamps were given ;
Then chang'd to citadels and battled walls,
Then sank to valleys sweet with silver waterfalls.

XXXII.

The sight was glorious ; but the Angel's heart
Was all unsettled : and a bitter sigh
Burst from his rubied lip, and with a start
He cast upon the Earth his conscious eye.
The whole horizon from that temple high
Spread out in vision from the pallid line
Where old Palmyra's pomps in ruin lie,
Gilding the Arab sands, to where supine
The western sun flamed on thy spires, lost Palestine!

XXXIII.

But loveliest of the vision was the vale
That from the mountain sloped—the vale of bow'rs,
Inlay of all rich hues,—the tamarisk pale
Dyed with geranium, and the Indian flow'rs
Of the spiced clove, and jessamine's white show'rs
Like shiver'd silver, and the gorgeous rose,
And, in the midst, Damascus' golden towers,
Bathed in the purple beauty of repose,
All but the central mosque that in red splendour glows.

XXXIV.

He saw the vale reclining in the shade
Of its bold mountains, like a smiling child
In its mail'd father's bosom ; crag and glade
Festoon'd with myrtles to their summits wild,
And villages, and domes of marble piled
On rocks still towering thro' the tender mist,
That, tinged with eve, now veil'd that valley mild,
And, as the rising star their foreheads kist,
Were lustrous pearl, sweet sapphire, weeping amethyst.

XXXV.

And still he gazed—and saw not that the eve
Was fading into night. A sudden thought
Struck to his dreaming heart, that made it heave ;
Was he not there in Paradise ?—that spot,
Was it not lovely as the lofty vault
That rose above him ? In his native skies,
Could he be happy till his soul forgot,
Oh ! how forget, the being whom his eyes
Loved as their light of light ? He heard a tempest rise—

XXXVI.

Was it a dream? the vale was wild and bare, (4)
And o'er it brooded broad a sulphurous cloud :
The soil grew red and rifted with its glare ;
Down to their roots the mountain cedars bow'd ;
Along the ground a rapid vapour flow'd,
Yellow and pale, thick seam'd with streaks of flame,
Before it sprang the vulture from the shroud ;
The lion bounded from it scared and tame ;
Behind it, darkening Heaven, the mighty whirlwind came.

XXXVII.

Like a long tulip bed, across the plain,
A caravan, approach'd the evening well ;
A long, deep mass of turban, plume, and vane,
And lovely came its distant, solemn swell
Of song, and pilgrim-horn, and camel-bell ;
The sandy ocean rose before their eye,
In thunder on their bending host it fell,
Ten thousand lips sent up one fearful cry ;
The sound was still'd at once, beneath the wave they lie.

XXXVIII.

But, two escaped, that up the mountain sprung,
And those the dead men's treasure downwards drew ;
One slowly, but the softer round him clung ;
For now, in light, short gusts the tempest blew,
And the high tomb of sand like vapour flew.
There, naked lay the costly caravan,
A league of piles of silk and gems that threw
A rainbow light, and mid them stiff and wan,
Stretch'd by his camel's flank, their transient master, man.

XXXIX.

The statelier wanderer from the height was won,
And cap and sash soon gleam'd with plunder'd gold.
Again the Desert rose, in pillars dun,
Glowing with fire like iron in the mould ;
With fiery speed they rush'd, recoil'd, sprang, roll'd ;
Before them waned the moon's ascending phase,
The clouds above them shrank the reddening fold :
The giant columns deepen'd blaze on blaze,
The pilgrims died, embracing in the burning haze.

XL.

The Angel sat enthroned within a dome
Of alabaster, raised on pillars slight,
Curtain'd with tissues that the earthly loom
Had never equall'd, web of blossoms bright
Of all the flowers that drink the morning light.
The roof was starr'd with buds, the flower-festoon
Waved from the columns of translucent white,
Breathing fresh odours to the mystic throne,
That in their purple shade, one glorious diamond shone.

XLI.

And still at night, round pedestal and plinth,
Those dewy flowers were lamps before the throne,
All-colour'd radiance ; there, the hyacinth
Beam'd amethyst ; the broad carnation shone
In circling rays of pearl and ruby stone ;
The myrtle buds pour'd down a diamond shower
The tulip was the opal's changeful moon ;
An urn of lovely lustre every flower,
Burning before the King of that illumin'd bower.

XLII.

And nestling in that arbour's leafy twine,
From cedar's top to violet's perfum'd bell,
Were birds, now hush'd, of forms and plumes divine,
That, ever as the rays upon them fell,
Shot back such hues as stain the Indian shell,
Touching the deep green shades with light from eyes
Jacinth, and jet, and blazing carbuncle,
And gold dropt coronets, and wings of dyes
Touch'd by the flowers and stars of their own Paradise.

XLIII.

The Angel knew the warning of that storm ;
But saw the shuddering Minstrel's step draw near,
And felt the whole deep witchery of her form,
Her sigh was music's echo to his ear ;
He loved—and true love ever banished fear.
Now night had droop'd on earth her raven wing ;
But in the arbour all was splendour clear ;
And like twin spirits in its charmed ring
Shone, that sweet child of earth, and that star diadem'd
King.

XLIV.

For, whether 'twas the light's unusual glow,
Or that some natural change had on her come,
Her look, tho' lovely still, was loftier now,
Her tender cheek was flushed with brighter bloom ;
Yet in her azure eye there gathered gloom,
Like evening's clouds across its own blue star,
Then would a sudden flash its depths illumine ;
And wore she but the wing and gemm'd tiar,
She seemed instinct with power to make the clouds her car.

XLV.

She slowly raised her arm, that, bright as snow,
Gleam'd like a rising meteor thro' the air,
Shedding white lustre on her turban'd brow ;
She gazed on Heaven, as wrapt in solemn prayer ;
She still look'd woman, but more proudly fair ;
And as she stood and pointed to the sky,
With that fixed look of loveliness and care,
The Angel thought, and check'd it with a sigh,
He saw some Spirit fallen from immortality.

XLVI.

The silent prayer was done, and now she moved
Faint to his footstool, and, upon her knee,
Besought her lord, if in his Heaven they loved,
That, as she never more his face must see,
She there might pledge her heart's fidelity.
She turn'd, and pluck'd a cluster from the vine,
And o'er a chalice waved it, with a sigh,
Then, with bow'd forehead, rear'd before the shrine
The crystal cup.—The Angel rose in wrath—'twas wine!

XLVII.

She stood ; she shrank ; she totter'd. Down he sprang,
With one hand clasp'd her waist, with one upheld
The vase—his ears with giddy murmurs rang ;
His eye upon her dying cheek was spell'd ;
He glanced upon the brim—its bright draught swell'd
Like liquid rose, its odour touch'd his brain ;
He knew his ruin, but his soul was quell'd ;
He shudder'd—gazed upon her cheek again,
Press'd her pale lip, and to the last that cup did drain.

XLVIII.

Th' Enchantress smiled, as still in some sweet dream,
Then waken'd in a long, delicious sigh,
And on the bending Spirit fixed the beam
Of her deep, dewy, melancholy eye.
The undone Angel gave no more reply
Than hiding his pale forehead in the hair
That floated on her neck of ivory,
And breathless pressing, with her ringlets fair,
From his bright eyes the tears of passion and despair.

XLIX.

The Heaven was one blue vault, inlaid with gems (^s)
Thick as the concave of a diamond mine,
But from the north now shoot quick, phosphor beams,
That o'er the mount their purple net entwine ;
The smallest stars thro' that sweet lustre shine ;
It shakes—it spreads, its glorious streamers die :
Again light quivers on the horizon's line,
A surge of violet lustre fills the sky,
Then sinks, still flashing, dancing everlastingly.

L.

But wilder wonder smote their shrinking eyes :
A vapour plunged upon the vale from Heaven,
Gloomy as night ; it tower'd of mountain size ;
From its high crater column'd smokes were driven ;
It heaved within, as if pent flames had striven
With mighty winds to burst their prison hold,
Till from the summit to the vale 'twas riven
With angry light, that seem'd in cataracts roll'd,
Silver, and sanguine steel, and the fierce burning gold.

LI.

The black Volcano gave a hollow roar,
An Earthquake groan, that told convulsion near :
Out rush'd the burthen of its burning core,
Myriads of fiery globes, as day-light clear.
The sky was filled with flashing sphere on sphere,
Shooting straight upwards to the zenith's crown.
The stars were blasted in that splendour drear,
The land beneath in wild distinctness shone,
From the far billow to the Desart's pale red zone.

LII.

The globes have gone to heights above all gaze,
And now returning, look like moon-light rain ;
But, half way down, again out flash their rays ;
War floods the sky, they cross, whirl, burst in twain,
Scattering the night from mountain, vale, and main,
Or round the concave, as the storm retires,
Like mighty serpents draw the mazy train,
Gigantic sweeps of green, gold, scarlet spires,
With pearl and diamond heads instinct with living fires.

LIII.

The storm of light is on the clouds receding,
The purple streamers wander pale and thin,
But o'er the pole an amber flame is spreading,
In shooting, starry points, and far within
Revolves a stooping splendour crystalline.
It opens, but who sits upon that throne?
The Angel knew the punisher of sin.
Check'd on his lip the self-upbraiding groan,
Strain'd with wild arms his love, and joy'd to be undone.

LIV.

And once, 'twas but a moment, on her cheek
He gave a glance, then sank his hurried eye,
And press'd it closer on her dazzling neck.
But even in that swift gaze he could espy
A look that made his heart's blood backwards fly.
Was it a dream? there echoed in his ear
A stinging tone—a laugh of mockery!
It was a dream—it must be. Oh! that fear,
When the heart longs to know, what it is death to hear.

LV.

He glanced again—her eye was upward still,
Fix'd on the stooping of that burning car;
But thro' his bosom shot an arrowy thrill,
To see its solemn, stern, unearthly glare;
She stood a statue of sublime despair,
But on her lip sat scorn.—His spirit froze,—
His footstep reel'd,—his wan lip gasp'd for air;
She felt his throb,—and o'er him stoop'd with brows
As evening sweet, and kiss'd him with a lip of rose.

LVI.

Again she was all beauty, and they stood
Still fonder clasp'd, and gazing with the eye
Of famine gazing on the poison'd food
That it must feed on, or abstaining die.
There was between them now nor tear nor sigh ;
Theirs was the deep communion of the soul ;
Passion's absorbing, bitter luxury ;
What was to them or Heaven or Earth, the whole
Was in that fatal spot, where they stood sad, and sole.

LVII.

Th' Enchantress first shook off the silent trance ;
And in a voice sweet as the murmuring
Of summer streams beneath the moonlight's glance,
Besought the desperate one to spread the wing
Beyond the power of his vindictive King.
Slave to her slightest word, he raised his plume,
A purple cloud, and stood in act to spring
Thro' that fierce upward sea of storm and gloom ;
She wildly kiss'd his hand, and sank, as in a tomb.

LVIII.

The Angel cheer'd her, " No! let Justice wreak
 Its wrath upon them both, or him alone."
 A flush of love's pure crimson lit her cheek;
 She whisper'd, and his stoop'd ear drank the tone
 With mad delight; " Oh there is one way, one,
 To save us both. Are there not mighty words
 Graved on the magnet-throne where Solomon
 Sits ever guarded by the Genii swords,
 To give thy servant wings like her resplendent Lord's?"

LIX.

This was the Sin of Sins! The first, last crime,
 In Earth and Heaven, unnamed, unnameable;
 This from his gorgeous throne, before all time,
 Had smitten Eblis, brightest, first that fell;
 He started back.—" What urged him to rebel?
 What led that soft seducer to his bow'r? —"
 Could *she* have laid upon his soul that spell,
 Young, lovely, fond; yet but an earthly flow'r?"
 But for that fatal cup, he had been free that hour.

LX.

But still its draught was fever in his blood.
He caught the upward, humble, weeping gleam
Of woman's eye, by passion all subdued ;
He sigh'd, and at his sigh he saw it beam :
Oh ! the sweet frenzy of the lover's dream !
A moment's lingering, and they both must die.
The lightning round them shot a broader stream ;
He felt her clasp his knees in agony ;
He spoke the words of might,—the thunder gave reply !

LXI.

Away ! away ! the sky is one black cloud,
Shooting the lightnings down in spire on spire.
Now, round the Mount its canopy is bow'd,
A vault of stone on columns of red fire.
The stars like lamps along its roof expire ;
But thro' its centre bursts an orb of rays ;
The Angel knew the Avenger in his ire !
The hill-top smoked beneath the stooping blaze,
The culprits dared not there their guilty eye-balls raise.

LXII.

And words were utter'd from that whirling sphere,
That mortal sense might never hear and live.
They pierced like arrows thro' the Angel's ear ;
He bow'd his head ; 'twas vain to fly or strive.
Down comes the final wrath : the thunders give
The doubled peal,—the rains in cataracts sweep,
Broad fiery bars the sheeted deluge rive ;
The mountain summits to the valley leap,
Pavilion, garden, grove, smoke up one ruin'd heap.

LXIII.

The storm stands still ! a moment's pause of terror !
All dungeon dark !—Again the lightnings yawn,
Shewing the Earth as in a quivering mirror.
The prostrate Angel felt but that the one,
Whose love had lost him Paradise, was gone :
He dared not see her corpse !—he closed his eyes ;
A voice burst o'er him, solemn as the tone
Of the last trump,—he glanced upon the skies,
He saw what shook his soul with terror, shame, surprise.

LXIV.

Th' Enchantress stood before him ; two broad plumes
Spread from her shoulders on the burthen'd air ;
Her face was glorious still, but love's young blooms
Had vanish'd for the hue of bold despair ;
A fiery circle crown'd her sable hair ;
And, as she look'd upon her prostrate prize,
Her eyeballs shot around a meteor glare,
Her form tower'd up at once to giant size ;
'Twas EBLIS, king of Hell's relentless sovereignties.

LXV.

The tempter spoke—" Spirit, thou might'st have stood,
But thou hast fall'n a weak and willing slave.
Now were thy feeble heart our serpents' food,
Thy bed our burning ocean's sleepless wave,
But haughty Heaven controuls the power it gave.
Yet art thou doom'd to wander from thy sphere,
'Till the last trumpet reaches to the grave ;
'Till the Sun rolls the grand concluding year ;
Till Earth is Paradise ; then shall thy crime be clear."

LXVI.

The Angel listen'd,—risen upon one knee,
Resolved to hear the deadliest undismay'd.
His gold starr'd plume hung round him droopingly,
His brow, like marble, on his hand was staid.
Still thro' the auburn locks' o'er hanging shade
His face shone beautiful; he heard his ban;
Then came the words of mercy, sternly said;
He plunged within his hands his visage wan,
And the first wild, sweet tears from his heart-pulses ran.

LXVII.

The Giant grasp'd him as he fell to Earth,
And his black vanes upon the air were flung,
A tabernacle dark;—and shouts of mirth
Mingled with shriekings thro' the tempest swung;
His arm around the fainting Angel clung.
Then on the clouds he darted with a groan;
A moment o'er the Mount of ruin hung,
Then burst thro' space, like the red comet's cone,
Leaving his track on heaven a burning, endless zone.

NOTES

TO THE

ANGEL OF THE WORLD.

(1).—“ *The sacred Evening of ‘ the Flight.’*”

THE Hegira, the first day of our July, A.D. 622; the day of Mohammed's retreat from Mecca, the chronological standard of the Mohammedans.

(2).—“ *The ‘ Vision’s ’ pomps sublime.*”

The night-journey of Mohammed through the heavens, in which he saw the glories of the past and the future: a fiction of great fancy and extravagance.

(3).—“ *But in the vale.*”

The Mirage;—the common phenomenon of Eastern travel.

(4).—“ *The vale was wild and bare.*”

On the 15th, at a quarter past seven in the morning, we left Waadi Dimokea, keeping a little to the westward of north, as far as I could judge, just upon the line of Syene. The same ridge of hills being on our right and left as yesterday, in the centre of these appeared Del Aned. The place is called Waadi Del Aned.

The same appearance of moving pillars of sand presented themselves to us this day, in form and disposition like those we had seen at Waadi Halboub, only they seemed to be more in number and less in size. They came several times in a direction close upon us; that is, I believe, within less than two miles. They began immediately after sun-rise, like a thick wood, and almost darkened the sun. His rays, shining through them for near an hour, gave them an appearance of pillars of fire. Our people now became desperate. The Greeks shrieked out, and said it was the day of judgment. Ismael pronounced it to be hell, and the Tucorories, that the world was on fire. I asked Idris if ever he had before seen such a sight? He said, he had often seen them as terrible, though never worse; but what he feared most was that extreme redness in the air, which was a sure presage of the coming of the Simoom. I begged and entreated Idris that he would not say one word of that in the hearing of the people, for they had already felt it at Imhanzara, in their way from Ras el Feel to Teawa, and again at the Acaba of Gerri, before we came to Chendi, and they were already nearly distracted at the apprehension of finding it here.

At half-past four o'clock in the afternoon we left Waadi Del Aued, our course a little more to the westward than the direction of Syene. The sands which had disappeared yesterday, scarcely showed themselves at all this day, and at a great distance in the horizon. This was, however, a comfort but of short duration. I observed Idris took no part in it, but only warned me and the servants, that, upon the coming of the Simoom, we should fall upon our faces, with our mouths upon the earth, so as not to partake of the outward air as long as we could hold our breath. We alighted, at six o'clock, at a small rock in the sandy ground, without trees or herbage, so that our camels fasted all that night. This place is called Ras El Seah, or, by the Bishareen, El Mout, which signifies Death, a name of bad omen.

On the 16th, at half-past ten in the forenoon, we left El Mout, standing in the direction close upon Syene. Our men, if not gay, were, however, in better spirits than I had seen them since we left Gooz. One of our Barbarins had even attempted a song; but Hagi Ismael very gravely reprov'd him, by telling him that singing in such a situation was a tempting of Providence. There is, however, nothing more different than active and passive courage. Hagi Ismael would fight, but he had not the strength to suffer. At eleven o'clock, while we contemplated, with great pleasure, the rugged top of Chiggre, to which we were fast approaching, and where we were to solace ourselves with plenty of good water, Idris cried out, with a loud voice, Fall upon your faces, for here is the Simoom! I saw from the S.E. a haze come, in colour like the purple part of the

rainbow, but not so compressed or thick. It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth, and was about twelve feet high from the ground. It was a kind of blush upon the air, and it moved very rapidly, for I scarce could turn to fall upon the ground, with my head to the northward, when I felt the heat of its current plainly upon my face. We all lay flat on the ground, as if dead, till Idris told us it was blown over. The meteor, or purple haze, which I saw, was, indeed, passed, but the light air which still blew was of heat to threaten suffocation. For my part, I found distinctly in my breast that I had imbibed a part of it, nor was I free of an asthmatic sensation till I had been some months in Italy, at the baths of Porretta, about two years afterwards.—*Bruce's Travels.*

(5).—“ *The Heaven was one blue vault.*”

The night of the 11th of November was cool and extremely beautiful. Towards the morning, from half-past two, the most extraordinary luminous meteors were seen towards the East. M. Bonpland, who had risen to enjoy the freshness of the air in the gallery, perceived them first. Thousands of bolides and falling stars succeeded each other during four hours. Their direction was very regularly from north to south. They filled a space in the sky extending from the true east thirty degrees towards the south. Some of them obtained a height of forty degrees; all exceeded twenty-five or thirty. No trace of clouds was to be seen. M. Bonpland relates that, from the beginning of the phenomenon, there was not a space in the firmament equal to three diameters of the moon, that was not

filled at every instant with bolides or falling stars. The first were fewer in number, but as they were seen of different sizes, it was impossible to fix the limit between those two classes of phenomena. All these meteors left luminous traces from five to ten degrees in length, as often happens in the equinoctial regions. The phosphorescence of these traces, or luminous bands, lasted seven or eight seconds. Many of the falling stars had a very distinct nucleus, as large as the disk of Jupiter, from which darted sparks of vivid light. The bolides seemed to burst as by explosion; but the largest, those from one degree to one degree fifteen seconds in diameter, disappeared without scintillation, leaving behind them phosphorescent bands (trabes), exceeding in breadth fifteen or twenty minutes. The light of these meteors was white, and not reddish, which must be attributed, no doubt, to the absence of vapours, and the extreme transparency of the same air. For the same reason, under the tropics, the stars of the first magnitude have, at their rising, a light evidently whiter than in Europe. Almost all the inhabitants of Cumana were witnesses of this phenomenon, because they leave their houses before four o'clock to attend the first morning mass. They did not behold these bolides with indifference; the oldest of them remembered, that the great earthquakes of 1766 were preceded by similar phenomena. The Guaiqueries in the Indian suburb came out and asserted, "that the firework had begun at one o'clock; and that, as they returned from fishing in the Gulf, they had already perceived very small falling stars toward the east." They affirmed, at the same time, that igneous meteors were extremely rare on those

coasts after two in the morning. The phenomenon ceased by degrees after four o'clock, and the bolides and falling stars became less frequent; but we still distinguished some towards the north-east by their whitish light, and the rapidity of their movement, a quarter of an hour after sun-rise. This circumstance will appear less extraordinary, when I bring to the reader's recollection, that in full daylight, in 1788, the interior of the houses in the town of Popayan was brightly illuminated by an aërolite of immense magnitude. It passed over the town, when the sun was shining clearly at one o'clock. M. Bonpland and myself, during our second residence at Cumana, after having observed on the 26th of September, 1800, the immersion of the first satellite of Jupiter, succeeded in seeing the planet distinctly with the naked eye, eighteen minutes after the disk of the sun had appeared in the horizon. There was a very slight vapour in the east, but Jupiter appeared on an azure sky. These facts prove the extreme purity and transparency of the atmosphere under the torrid zone. The mass of diffused light is so much less, as the vapours are more perfectly dissolved. The same cause that weakens the diffusion of the solar light, diminishes the extinction of that which emanates either from a *bolis*, Jupiter, or the moon seen on the second day after her conjunction.

These bolides were seen at Weimar, in Germany; and at Herrenhut, in Greenland. The distance from Weimar to the Rio Negro, is 1800 sea leagues; and from Rio Negro to Herrenhut, in Greenland, 1300 leagues. Admitting that the same fiery meteors were seen

at points so distant from each other, we must also admit that their height was at least 411 leagues. But in the New World, between the meridians of forty-six degrees and eighty-two degrees, between the equator, and sixty-four degrees north, at the same hour, an immense number of bolides and falling stars were perceived; and those meteors had every where the same brilliancy, throughout a space of 921,000 square leagues. — *Alexander de Humbolt's Personal Narrative.*

SEBASTIAN.

A SPANISH TALE.

SEBASTIAN.

O my love, my wife !

Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty,
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Romeo and Juliet.

I.

THOU land of love and loveliness, what dreams
Of pomp, and beauty, and old chivalry
Haunt the green borders of thy mighty streams,
Imperial Spain ! Years and long ages fly,
Leaving the palace and the mountain tower
Buried beneath their purple bed of rose ;

But still thy morn in dewy brightness glows,
Still falls thy eve the same enchanted hour ;
The same pure splendour lightens from thy moon,
Rolling along that boundless upper flood,
Whose waves are clouds, her solemn-moving throne.
And prouder still, the heart is unsubdued
That made thee from the cuirass'd Roman wring
With naked hands his jewell'd coronal ;
And tore the sceptre from the Moslem king,
Sending him, from Granada's ivory hall,
To make with fox and wolf his rocky lair,
And perish in the Alpuxarras bare.
Spain ! thou hast had thy day of toils and woes,
And, for the sword, thy hand has felt the chain ;
But when the giant from his slumber rose,
The Frank was swept, like mist, from mount and plain.
Now to my tale, a tale of long past years,
Of pains, and joys, strong faith, and love's bewitching tears.

II.

'Twas night ; but now on Turia's (¹) glassy wave
The eastern stars a fainter lustre gave,

A chaunt arose, 'twas from the convent-hill,
It linger'd, lapsed, and all again was still ;
But, as the matins pass'd, the eastern grey
Wore vermeil tinges—'twas the dawning day.
A white flag floated from the convent tower,
And soon were busy hands in every bower,
Culling the lily and the eglantine,
In their first dews, to wreath round stall and shrine ;
And soon peal'd out, in rich and distant thunder,
The tolling of the convent's far famed bell,
Filling the air above, around, and under,
With the deep music of its mighty swell ;
For on this high and holy day, at noon,
Princely Sidonia's daughter was to wear
The robe, that, like the shroud, when once put on,
Leaves the wild heart no more to hope or fear.

III.

'Tis noon, and from Valencia's gates is roll'd
A living line, the sunlight strikes on gold,
And lance, and plume ; and scarlet banners gleam
Along the plain, a winding, glittering stream,

Reflected in the Turia's mirror blue ;
And now it opens, on the nearer view,
A splendid cavalcade of youths and dames,
Medina, Arcos, Alvarez, high names
That by Pelagio on his mountains stood,
And never knew a shade of Moorish blood,
But on their plunging lances ; deep their steel
Had mowed the harvest of the Infidel :
Now slowly up the mountain's side they come,
With harmonies, that in the distance seem
Like the bee's music o'er the apple bloom,
Like the low murmurings of a morning dream ;
And now 'tis clearer, livelier, yet as sweet
As when it flow'd around the mountain feet,
A rich, deep swell of flute and forest horn,
And now and then a stirring trumpet blast,
That bursts and dies away, like lightning borne
Into the bosom of the cloud and past.
The stately cavalcade has reached the height,
Where wait its slow ascent the peasant throng,
Struggling to see, for once in life, the sight
Whose story shall, thro' many an evening long,
Beguile them of the time, and make the pride
Of him who saw that day's devoted bride.

IV.

The porch is fill'd with rich escutcheon'd cars,
And glossy jennets, plumed and ribbon-rein'd,
Puré Arab blood, their broad fronts bright with stars,
Quick-eyed, full-crested, high and purple vein'd :
They stand with nostrils wide and chests thick panting ;
For all their passage up that causeway slanting
Had been a mimic combat, many a spear
Had cross'd the saddle in that gay career.

The sight within was splendid ; from the porch
The aisle's long vista shew'd the lamp, and torch,
And silver urn of frankincense and myrrh,
Filling the air with fragrance and with gloom,
And, twined round shrine and time-worn sepulchre
In lovely mockery, the rose's bloom ;
Within the stone what darker mockeries lie
Of man and pomp ! Oh vain mortality
All to the chancel gates was pearl, and plume,
And ermined cap, and mantle stiff with gold,
For there the tide of knights and dames had roll'd,
And there had stopp'd : beyond was like a tomb,
Shut from the daylight, high barr'd, silent, cold ;
And in it beings scarcely of man's mould

Were moving, scatter'd, swift, and soundlessly,
Shadows that rose and perish'd on the eye.
Music is heard, such sounds as spirits breathe
On their night watches, if the tale be true,
Around the loved in life, the loved in death,
Calling them upwards to the concave blue :
And on the walls, as far as eye can gaze,
Flits through the dusk a torch's wavering blaze.
They move, a throng of mitre, cross, and cope,
In pale and vision'd lustre. Sudden ope
The chancel gates ; the stately abbot comes.
Down to the ground are stoop'd the knightly plumes,
And every lady bows her gemmed tiar,
That shoots down light like an earth-stooping star.

V.

THE HYMN.

“ Open ye gates of peace, receive the bride,
In beauty come to pledge her virgin vow.
Oh ! not with mortal thoughts those cheeks are dyed,
Those downcast eyes not touch'd with mortal woe ;

Her's are the thoughts that light the seraph's glow,
 When, veiling his bright forehead with his plume,
 He lays before the throne his chaplet low.

Daughter of princes, heir of glory, come !

Open ye gates of peace. She triumphs o'er the tomb."

" Come, beautiful, betrothed ! The bitter sting
 Of hope deferr'd can reach no bosom here,
 Here life is peace, unwreck'd by dreams that spring
 From the dark bosom's living sepulchre.

At these high gates die sorrow, sin, and fear.

Woe to the heart where passion pours its tide ;

Soon sinks the flood to leave the desert there ;

Here love's pure stream with hues of heaven is dyed.

Come, stainless spouse. Ye gates of peace receive the
 bride !"

VI.

In the low echoes of the anthem's close

The murmurs of a distant chorus rose.

A portal open'd, in its shadow stood

A sable pomp, the hallow'd sisterhood,

They led a white-robed form, young, delicate,
Where life's delicious spring was opening yet :
Yet was she stately, and, as up the aisle
She moved, her proud, pale lip half wore a smile :
Her eye was firm, yet those who saw it near,
Saw on its lash the glistening of a tear.
All to Sidonia's passing daughter bow'd,
And she returned it gravely, like one vow'd
To loftier things. But, once she paused ; and press'd
With quick, strange force her slight hand to her breast,
And her wan cheek was redden'd with a glow
That spread its crimson to her forehead's snow,
As if the vestal felt the throes that wreak
Their stings upon young hearts about to break ;
She struggled, sigh'd ; her look of agony
Was calm'd, and she was at Sidonia's knee.
Her father's chasing tears upon her fell ;
His gentle heart abhorr'd the convent cell ;
Even now he bade her pause. She look'd to heaven,
One long, wild pressure to his cheek was given,
Her pale lip quiver'd, would not say " farewell. "
The bell gave one deep toll, it seem'd her knell ;
She started, strove his strong embrace to sever,
Then rush'd within the gate——that shuts for ever.

VII.

The final, fatal rite was duly done,
The tress was shorn, the sable veil put on,
That shades like night the day of hope and youth,
The golden ring was given, the pledge of truth,
That, bound on earth, grows firmer by the grave.
Now, down the mountain's side, that splendid wave
Of beauty and bright chivalry is rushing,
To where Sidonia's palace gates are flushing
In the red setting of the summer sun.
And there were high festivities begun,
And flags were streaming from the gilded towers,
And peasant girls were strewing orange flowers,
And shouts and praises of the brave and fair,
Sebastian and Maria, fill'd the air.
Sidonia, on that day, was doom'd to part
With two he loved ; the nearest to his heart,
Had gone to pine her loveliness away
In the cold shadows of the convent day ;
And ere upon the clouds that evening died,
Maria was to blush, Sebastian's bride.

VIII.

But as the train had clear'd the chesnut glade,
Again was heard the gallant horseman's vaunt,
Again the mimic tournament was play'd,
And cheering cries were heard, and ladies' taunt,
Of knightly gallantry, and grace, and speed.
Stirr'd at the sight, out sprang Maria's steed,
All reins were loosed; her foot was like the wind;
Alone Sebastian follow'd close behind.
Still sate the noble lady saddle-fast:
The plain, the moat were, swift as lightning, past:
The buttress, bridge, were 'scaped by miracle:
At her pavilion's porch the lady fell.
The danger that had braced her lofty heart,
Was gone, but with it the high heart was gone;
In vain the husband's kiss, the leech's art;
Her spirit soar'd from that cold threshold stone.

IX.

Sebastian had not loved, but he could give
The tears of man to beauty's sudden doom.
He felt no cureless agony, tho' eve
Oft found him lingering by Maria's tomb.
A little month had given her to the world ;
Till then a lingerer in the cloister's gloom,
To wed with bloom and birth her birth and bloom,
To live, be happy, and from life be hurl'd.
Sidonia, childless, bow'd his head to fate,
And shut himself within his silent hall,
His heart and hall alike were desolate.
His life was buried in the veil and pall.
Sebastian watch'd his misery, as a son
Beside a father's pillow, day by day,
Until he saw the first, keen sorrow done ;
Then, to assuage his own, yet unheal'd, pang,
The gentle bridegroom to his saddle sprang,
And wander'd lonely thro' the land away.

X.

But those were stirring times ; (2) for England's lance
Was rushing fiery o'er the fields of Spain.
Before it waved the plume of vaunting France,
Waved, to be rent on mount, and stream, and plain.
Not for herself, fair Albion shook the steel,
'That oft had blazed before the Catalan,
Making the squadrons of the Moormen reel ;
It led th' Imperial Austrian's hopeless van.
But France was swept before it, as the tide
Before some lordly vessel's plunging prow,
Still, as it scatters foaming from her side,
Filling her track, tumultuous, baffled, slow.
France fled before the British steel, in vain ;
The fight was ever to be fought again.
War raged : and where it rages, is wild woe ;
And all its curse was heavy upon Spain ;
Her heaven and earth were changed ; the crystal well
Was now a grave, a purple pit of slain ;
The hamlet was a waste, the forest cell
Was now the pining peasant's chilling lair ;

Along the thymy slope, where gentle eyes
Oft watched the rising of the evening star,
Signal of love, and lover's melodies,
Now shot at eve the burning chapel's glare ;
But glorious England, thine was not the lance
That ever stain'd its brightness with a tear.
And when did haughty, headlong, heartless France
Pause o'er the prostrate in its wild career ?
Sebastian saw the wreck ; his father's vane
Had waved against the Frank in many a field ;
The Austrian bird soon cover'd its red shield ;
He called his serfs, a bold and crowded train,
Heard their first shout, and was himself again.

XI.

'Twas evening as they reach'd the mountain's brow
That show'd them Barcelona in the vale,⁽³⁾
And long they paused to see that lovely show ;
The sun low levell'd on the city pale,
Montjuif's bright brow, its lily standard hung,
Like rising flame, on Heaven ; the port's thick sail,
The clouds upon the sea of sapphire flung,

The white tents scattered o'er the fields, like snow
That winter leaves upon the green of spring,
The squadron's distant charge, that seem'd the flow
Of trickling streams, the verdure crimsoning.
The mighty sun sank down. The citadel
Sent from its battlements the evening peal.
Slow in its smoke the Bourbon banner fell :
From England's twilight camp the answering gun
Sent up its solemn roar, and ere 'twas done
A flourish of bold music, drum and horn,
Follow'd its white, fierce incense up the air ;
But from the city other sounds were borne,
Cathedral chaunts, and bells that rang for prayer.

XII.

The troop were stretch'd upon the mountain heath
Faint with the parching travel of the day.
'Twas midnight, hill and vale were hush'd as death.
A sudden rocket shot a yellow ray,
And died ; another and another rose.
The drums beat out ; no moment for repose.
A fiery circle ran round Montjuif's height ; (4)
The city was a blaze of lurid light.

Upsprang Sebastian, vaulted on his steed,
Spoke the few words that touch the man of Spain,
Then down the mountain rush'd with arrowy speed.
He pass'd the camp. The flashings of th' assault
Show'd in its lines, the red battalions squared,
The squadrons mounted, that the night's grim vault
Had hidden, till the blaze upon them glared
Like the grim entrails of a mighty mine.
From Montjuif thunder'd still the incessant din,
The shot from loop and bastion shower'd like hail ;
Sebastian gave the spur, he pass'd the vale,
He found the English warriors on the brow,
In their close, iron line, with steady gaze
Eyeing the fire, that round them pour'd a glow
Fierce as a furnace, waiting but the word,
To spring upon the battlements ;—none stirr'd,
No voice was heard ;—at last the word was given ;
Out burst their shout to England's glorious name ;
The Frenchman from the wall, like dust, was driven ;
Then sank the clash, the thunder, and the flame.
At dawn the liliated banner was unseen,
But o'er the fortress waved the English red ;
And quickly from the city spires were spread
The crimson flags ; along the champaign green
The Bourbon horsemen chased, and scattering, fled.

XIII.

Proud Barcelona, on the sunny shore
That lines with silver Spain's resplendent sea,
What can for sport or splendour vie with thee?
But now, thy day of war and terror o'er,
Like sudden madness burst thy grateful glee.
Thy morning streets were fill'd with pageantry ;
At eve thy Rambla rang with dance and song ;
Night, midnight found the still unwearied throng
Wandering by seashore, or illumined shade,
Busy with masque, and feast, and serenade.
Sebastian join'd the revellers with the joy
Of youth, and health, and recent victory.
But his high heart for nobler pleasures pined,
The joys of mind alone can fill the mind.
War still remain'd ; Granada's walls defied
The bold ally that always leads the van ;
And never lover long'd to meet his bride
More than he long'd to see the battle's dawn.

XIV.

The order came, to march. On that last eve
There was a banquet in Valverdé's halls,
The city's noblest name. The tapestried walls,
As if eternal memories to leave
On parting warrior hearts, Love's surest thralls ;
Shower'd light on all the loveliest of the land,
On young cheeks richer than the Persian rose,
On slender, waving shapes, like flow'rets fann'd
Into new grace by every breeze that blows.
The night flew on, to dance, and lover's talk,
And the light wit that wins the ready smile.
But love's true spirit seeks the secret walk,
And many a pair by garden-bower, and rill,
Wander'd in dreams that one poor hour must sever,
Sweet pain, that balms the heart yet makes it bleed ;
By morn the lover must be on his steed ;
That parting press might be their last,—for ever !

XV.

Sebastian thro' the crowd of masquers stray'd,
Winging the wit that round the circle play'd ;
Those summer lightnings, flashes of the mind,
That shine, but harm not ; arrows rosy twined.
Wearied at last with that tumultuous glare,
He reached the garden's marble colonnade,
And drank the freshness of the midnight air,
A mingled stream of echoes of the lute,
And the sweet, icy breath of flowers and fruit,
Lemon and grape, and, touch'd with that mild sky,
The pallid gold of the thick orangery.
Against a pillar lean'd his glowing cheek,
His mask was off, and never raptur'd Greek
Struck from the Parian stone a nobler form ;
He looked among that light and glittering swarm,
A stranger, from a loftier region sprung ;
His crimson Venice hat was backwards flung,
Letting the dark curls sport around his brow :
And those who saw that cheek's delighted glow,
The smile that then his red lip loved to wear,
Had little thought that thirty years were there.

But there was in his large, and brilliant eye
 The depth, the fire of rich maturity :
 Tho' in that soften'd hour of earth and heaven,
 Th' unconscious glance that from its orb was given,
 The melting, melancholy gaze above
 Show'd that the heart within was made for love.

XVI.

He saw not that a group had gather'd nigh,
 Gazing upon his silence silently.
 He heard not, till upon his waked ear came,
 In a low sigh of agony, his name.
 He started, saw a gentle fugitive,
 Saw her at distance through the concourse strive,
 Pursued, and lost her. But his eye no more
 Could in its calmness to that blue heaven soar.
 " Could he but see the lip that breathed that sigh !
 Breathed it for him ? was't love, woe, mockery ?
 That young lip *must* be lovely ; soul, high soul,
 Was in the sigh that o'er its ruby stole."
 So had one breath disturb'd his spirit's stream,
 And such the wanderings that make passion's dream.

XVII.

He roved the sumptuous halls with eager eye,
Met smiles, heard words of gentle gallantry,
Gave o'er the search, and smiled to feel the pain,
That smote him when he found the search in vain.
Then follow'd, listless, where the deeper crowd
Afar, to see some foreign wonder, flow'd,
Scarce hearing the gay levities that past
Thro' the gay throng, each lighter than the last:—
“ Whence came the miracle? from pole or line?—
Some minstrel, freshly bronzed from Palestine,
Famish'd and fetter'd, till the Arab bark,
Flung out the dove, well fitted for its ark.—
Valverdé's taste! that foster'd every mime;
The common prey of every son of rhyme.
A woman? Some soft Charlatan from Rome;
Some saint, that wore no veil to hide her bloom.”
On roll'd they, and Sebastian with the tide,
The echo of a distant harp their guide.

XVIII.

The sound came from a large and lofty tent,
Tissued with emblems of Spain's ancient wars ;
Thro' the slight silk the myrtle breathed its scent,
And pour'd their beams, the blue and midnight stars.
Raised like an idol, on the slight ascent
Of a low, central tripod sat a Moor,
The young magician of those sounds : the floor,
The waving walls, were touch'd with tender gloom.
She was unveil'd, and yet the shawl of green,
That wreathed its thick pearl'd fringe her locks between,
Threw shadow, dim and deep, upon her bloom ;
But slight the tinge the Afric sun had thrown
Upon her cheek, the eye dark diamond shone.
She sat beneath a lamp of figured gold,
That on her turban pour'd a dazzling flame.
Her minstrel tale of wonder had been told,
Her hand was resting on the harp's rich frame ;
She gave one glance : her cheek seem'd flush'd with shame.
She cast upon the ground her startled eye ;
She swept the harp,—no song accordant came ;
Her bosom thro' its caftan panted high ;
But all her voice was one deep, painful sigh.

The high assemblage, sympathizing, gazed
On her strange beauty and her sudden pain.
Their plaudits proud her sinking spirit raised,
She bow'd, and, blushing, she renew'd the strain.
Her red lip smiled, as if in sweet disdain
Of its late check ; she lightly touch'd the string,
And tried an air of sportiveness again :
Again her hand, her voice seem'd wandering ;—
She dried a tear, and gave her prison'd anguish wing.

XIX.

“ Farewell, my gentle harp, farewell,
Thy task shall soon be done,
And she who loved thy lonely spell
Shall like its tones be gone.
Gone to the bed where mortal pain
Pursues the weary heart in vain.

“ I shed no tears, light passes by
The pang that melts in tears.
The stricken bosom that can sigh,
No mortal arrow bears.

When comes the heart's true agony,
The lip is hush'd and calm the eye.

“ And mine has come, no more I weep,
No longer passion's slave,
My sleep must be th' unawaking sleep,
My bed must be the grave.
Thro' my wild brain no more shall move
Or hope, or fear, or joy, or love.”

XX.

She droop'd upon the harp; still paused the crowd,
Witch'd by the thrilling sweetness of her song,
And tears had fall'n on many a bosom proud ;
For music has the key of memory,
And thoughts and visions buried deep and long,
Come at the summons of its sweetness nigh,
The silence broke with one relieving sigh.
At length the loud applause arose, but she,
Before whose feet the gems and gold were flung,
Still on the harp, dejected, drooping, hung.

She strove to rise—and fell; her breath was gone,
Her eye was palely closed, her cheek was stone.
Sebastian caught her sinking: he had heard
And seen what plunged his soul in reverie,
And *now* he held her dying! From her eye
A slow tear stole: her startled glance was rear'd
To his stoop'd brow. He felt a shudder run
Through her faint frame:—his chill'd clasp was undone,
His sick heart sank! he left her to the care,
That press'd around with balm and essence rare,
Gave one wild glance, and fled, and was alone.

XXI.

Sebastian wander'd forth; the garden air
Rush'd on his cheek, nor cool'd the fever there;
He gasp'd for breath. A sparry fountain shot
Its waters in the moonlight: by its grot
He stood, as if the sounds his heart would lull,
His face, so sad, so pale, so beautiful,
Fix'd on the moon, that in her zenith height
Pour'd on his naked brow a flood of light:

Shrined, moveless, silent, in the splendid beam,
He look'd the marble Genius of the stream.
Silence all round ; but when the night wind sway'd,
Or some roused bird dash'd fluttering thro' the shade,
For those he had no ear ; the starry vault,
The grove, the fount, but fed one whelming thought,
Time, fate, the earth, the glorious heaven above,
Breathed but one mighty dream, that dream was love.

XXII.

Sebastian had seen beauty, and his name
Had lighted many a lady's cheek with flame.
Rich, high-born, graceful, such may woo and win,
While courteous words conceal the chill within :
But, with the warrior burning in his blood,
He left the fair pursuers unpursued :
Bound to Sidonia's daughter from his birth,
Laugh'd at the little tyrant of the earth ;
Could talk, as others talk, of hope and fear,
But never gave the god a sigh or tear.

XXIII.

But now the world was changed, the die was cast !
“ How had he slept so long to wake at last ?
What hid the feelings that now shook his soul ?
Where was the cloud that gave the thunder-roll ?
This, this was life, at last he walk'd in light,
The veil of years was rent before his sight.
'Twas not her beauty, tho' the loveliest there
Was lifeless, soulless, featureless to her,
No, nor her melting voice, nor that slight hand
That her sweet harp with such swift beauty fann'd,
Like magic's silver sceptre, hovering
To wake enchantment from the untouch'd string.
Had he not seen that face before ? But where ?
He knew not ; 'twas like music to his ear,
Familiar, but forgotten ; frenzy all !
She was a Moor ; nay, could he now recall
The features that had madden'd him ? Not one.
All was a flash of splendour, dazzling, gone ;
A haze of matchless beauty on his eye,
A sense confused, a vision, witchery.
But she had scorn'd him ; were not pain, hate, fear,
In her pale beauty, when but *he* drew near ?

Smiles for all else ? The truth was now too late,
 That hour had stamp'd his life ; he saw his fate.
 Yet might not fondness, faith, her scorn remove ?
 And who could hate, where all the crime was love ?”

XXIV.

Delicious fantasy ! the thought was balm ;
 His heart, his eye in sudden rapture swam.
 Nature was charm'd to him. He could have talk'd
 With every star, that in its glory walk'd.
 Hope had put life in all unliving things ;
 He hung above the fountain's rippling springs,
 And heard them echo joy ; the bud unbranch'd
 That his light pressure on the streamlet launch'd,
 Bounded in joy ; his deep and burning sigh
 Rose thro' the vine-leaves that gave sweet reply.
 A sudden meteor sail'd across the heaven,
 He hail'd its sign ; to him, to him 'twas given,
 Omen of joy, bright promise of bright years.
 “ Let fear and folly have their ‘ vale of tears.’
 Let him be blest with that unequall'd one,
 Whoe'er she was, she should, she must be won ;

Life would roll on, one calm and blossom'd spring ;
But, if the tempest came, they would but cling
With arms and hearts the closer, till 'twas o'er ;
Life a long joy ; and death, a pang, no more."
Out burst in speech the lover's ecstasy.
A sudden bugle pierced the morning sky.

XXV.

He started from his dream. The yellow dawn
Wander'd along night's borders, like the fawn,
First venturing from its dappled mother's side ;
A timid bound on darkness, swift withdrawn,
Then bolder tried again. The starlight died.
And now the trumpet to the trumpet cried,
The waggon groan'd, the echoing lash was plied,
The gun roll'd ponderous through the rampart-arch ;
Could it be true ? He heard the distant march ?
He listen'd ; but the tramp of crowding hoofs,
The soldier's laugh, the shouting from the roofs,
Where the roused city cluster'd thick as bees,
The rattling drum, the banners in the breeze,
All told the long-wish'd hour. But *now* 'twas doom ;
'Twas come, it crush'd his heart ; but it *was* come.

XXVI.

He rush'd impatient through the halls of state,
No tidings there; the halls were desolate.
Yet, while his foot was in the stirrup hung,
His word was "tidings of the minstrel Moor;"
His purse was to the bowing menials flung,
Yet to his boons to come, its weight were poor:
"Lived there the man who could but name her name?"
None knew it, where she went, nor whence she came.

XXVII.

Sebastian led the van. The trumpet's thrill
Found a responsive chord within him still;
And when he saw the martial pomp around,
And felt the gallant steed beneath him bound,
And drank at morn the spirit of the air,
He seem'd his comrades' proudest joy to share:
But when each night his weary limbs he threw
On the cool heath, beneath the sky of blue,

His sleepless fancy to Valencia flew,
And felt the love, the rapture, the despair.

XXVIII.

Grenada's gate was storm'd, the cross of red
Fix'd on the Moorish wall, the Frenchman fled :
Sebastian bleeding to his bed was borne,
First in the charge, the fire, the escalade,
A ball had struck him ; agonized and torn,
He saw the standard on the rampart soar,
Joined in the shout, and sank, and saw no more.

XXIX.

One evening, as the sun was setting sweet,
Making its rays a coronet for the hill,
The Solsierra, at whose flowery feet
Twined like a golden fether the Xenil,
And the birds sang, and the dissolving heat
Was fann'd by that light, balmy, fluttering breeze,
That shades the azure of Italian seas,

He left his chamber for the vineyard bow'r,
His eyes' delight, and grief, for many an hour,
When sunk upon his couch, he saw it wave,
And thought between them lay his early grave.
But, thanks to nature, and his Leech's art,
A peasant follower of the camp, his heart
Had found its firmer pulses, and his cheek
Wore, tho' yet faintly, health's reviving streak.

XXX.

And oft, before he reach'd the summit height,
He paused, in silent, dazzled reverie,
For in the living world no lovelier sight
Of verdure's gorgeous beauty meets the eye.
Above him, one bright, blue infinity ;
The land beneath him boundless as a sea ;
Magnificent with all bright shapes and dyes,
Saffron tomatos, rose fields, orangeries,
And yellow pasture plains that seem'd to rise
And vanish in the far Nevada's blue.
And at his feet, like webs of silver dew,

Glistening and woven thro' the Huerta's bowers,
From many a Moorish fount the living rill.
And farther off, your brighter, broader streams
Smooth-gliding Vargo, rapid Monachil,
With serpent splendours in the sunset gleams,
Sweeping in pomp, by hills, and groves, and towers.

XXXI.

The ground he stood on now was famous ground,
For there the Caliph's crescent had been riven ;
And still the Arab breathes a prayer profound
For the Alhambra's halls, his earthly heaven.
Sebastian stood beneath the low, red wall
That girds the palace, like the shatter'd pall
Flung round the bed of beauty's last decay :
His eyes upon th' enchanted landscape lay.
A voice, 'twas music, trembled by his side,
Faded upon the breathless air, and died !
The sound return'd, and he stood listening
To tones that, mingling with a faint guitar,
Now floated round him, and now faded far,
As if a spirit shook them from its wing.

XXXII.

SONG.

“ I know thy beauty ; summer dreams
Have shown me forms that look'd like thine.
I've seen thee in the sunset beams ;
I've loved thee as a thing divine.
How have I shunn'd thee ! but thine eye
Hangs o'er me, like a watching sphere,
Star of my solitary sky.
Where'er my spirit turns, 'tis there.
For life, for death, the chain is twined ;
Thou'rt in my mind, thou art my mind.”

The song subsided, but the closing tone
Woke memories wild and sweet. The sound was gone,
Yet still it strangely linger'd in his ear.
He look'd to Heaven as if its clouds might bear
The white-wing'd minstrel of those strains divine.
He look'd around, but all was solitude,
No shadow wander'd by the evening vine.
A moment, in bewilder'd thought he stood,

Saw the wind shake th' Alhambra's weedy pall,
Ponder'd no more, but rush'd within the wall.

XXXIII.

Palace of beauty ! where the Moorish Lord,
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,
Sat like a Genie in the diamond's blaze.
Oh ! to have seen thee in the ancient days,
When at thy morning gates the coursers stood,
The " thousand," milk-white, Yemen's fiery blood,
In pearl and ruby harness'd for the king ;
And thro' thy portals pour'd the gorgeous flood
Of jewell'd Sheik and Emir, hastening,
Before the sky the dawning purple show'd,
Their turbans at the Caliph's feet to fling.
Lovely thy morn,—thy evening lovelier still,
When at the waking of the first blue star
That trembled on the Atalaya hill, (+)
The splendours of the trumpet's voice arose,
Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war ;
It summon'd all thy beauty from repose,

The shaded slumber of the burning noon.
Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,
Shooting the sparkling column from the vase
Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze
Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry,
And the rich bordering beds of every bloom
That breathes to African or Indian sky.
Carnation, tuberose, thick anemone,
Pure lily, that its virgin head low waved
Beneath the fountain drops, yet still would come,
Like hearts by love and destiny enslaved,
That see, and shrink,—and yet *will* seek their doom.
Then was the harping of the minstrels heard,
In the deep arbours, or the regal hall,
Hushing the tumult of the festival,
When the pale bard his kindling eyeball rear'd,
And told of eastern glories, silken hosts,
Tower'd elephants, and chiefs in topaz arm'd :
Or of the myriads from the cloudy coasts
Of the far western sea, the sons of blood,
The iron men of tournament and feud,
That round the bulwarks of their fathers swarm'd,
Doomed by the Moslem scymetar to fall ;
Till the red cross was hurl'd from Salem's wall.

XXXIV.

Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly sun,
That had no rival, and no second?—gone!
Thy glory down the arch of time has roll'd,
Like the great day-star to the ocean dim,
The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,
Gloomy and fathomless; thy tale is told.
Where is thy horn of battle? that but blown
Brought every chief of Afric from his throne;
Brought every spear of Afric from the wall;
Brought every charger barded from the stall,
Till all its tribes sat mounted on the shore;
Waiting the waving of thy torch to pour
The living deluge on the fields of Spain.
Queen of earth's loveliness, there was a stain
Upon thy brow—the stain of guilt and gore,
Thy course was bright, bold, treach'rous,—and 'tis o'er.
The spear and diadem are from thee gone;
Silence is now sole monarch on thy throne!

XXXV.

Sebastian wander'd on ; he had no thought,
No eye for earthly glories ; had that spot
Been Paradise, he would have wander'd on.
He trod the " Court of Lions," where the rill
Strives thro' its sculptured bed to trickle still ;
No living sound was there ; he lean'd beside
The fountain where the Abencerrage died ;
And struck, in listless anger, from its brim
The weeds that gather'd o'er it thick and dim ;
Its murmurings lull'd his ear : a sudden shade
Twined swiftly thro' the distant colonnade !
He sprang, and follow'd, but his foot was mazed
In the deep labyrinth of halls, emblazed
With fretted gold, and purple, and all dyes
Of plant or metal, and inscriptions wan,
Crowding the cupola, and floor, and frieze,
With spell and scripture, tale and talisman.

XXXVI.

His search was hopeless, and he gave up hope ;
And yet *would* linger there. He left the slope,
That from the palace stoop'd into the vale,
The Houri garden, where ev'n noon looked pale,
But lovelier far ; as woman, when she hears
The name that thrills her heart, and smiles thro' tears.
And now he stood within the central shrine,
The canopy of peach and nectarine ;
Where once roved forms that seem'd of sky and star,
Floating in silk, and pearl, and plumed tiar,
The Moslem queens ; and tho', to man's stain'd eye,
To look upon their beauty was to die,
Yet many a noble by the cypress wall
Linger'd to hear their twilight music's fall :
For, mingled with the perfumed air, would rise
The rich theorb's, the light lute's melodies,
And, in their pause, some song's soul-touching flow,
Telling that even within that bower was woe.

XXXVII.

All now was loneliness, and he return'd,
With weary steps; but as he glanced again
Along the portal, where the sunlight burn'd
On fairy Arabesque, and painted pane,
And, in the tangled woodbine's crimson train
Wreathing the turban'd marble, lay inurn'd
The last Sultana,—kneeling by the tomb
He saw a shape, 'twas hidden half in gloom;
He saw a cowl, a blue, upgazing eye,
Touch'd with the hue of tear-drops scarcely dry;
He knew that face, 'twas pictured on his heart.
“ But one, one word,—or form of earth or heaven,
His passion might be heard, must be forgiven.”
The vision was in prayer; he saw it start;
He swept aside the foliage, saw the bough,
That the light flyer bent, returning slow;
Saw where the sandal press'd the blossoms strown;
The rest was shadow, mystery;—it was flown.

XXXVIII.

There are some moments when the heart stands still ;
As if the mighty touch that deigns to fill
Our sands had left them where they last ran down.
Sebastian wander'd through the forest brown,
And fields of vine, that clothed the mountain's side,
Unconscious as the rill, his murmuring guide,
Till the last evening trumpet, through the grate,
Told him he stood before Granada's gate.
He reach'd his couch, its broider'd canopy
Could charm no slumber to his weary eye.

XXXIX.

He rose, and tried to read ; the gorgeous book
Pleased for a moment, then his hold forsook :
He touch'd, with eager hand, his loved guitar,
'Twas tuneless now, his thoughts were straying far ;
He sank upon his couch to wear away
A sick man's heavy hours till tardy day.

He spoke in fever. “ Fabian, slumberer !
How can you linger ? Must I perish here ? ”
Pain check’d his voice. A humble tone replied ;
He raised his eye ; the Leech was at his side.
“ This, this is misery ;—to the grave to creep !
Oh, half my wealth but for one hour’s sweet sleep.
Here, try that pulse, these temple-throbs.—’Tis vain ;—
The medicine’s not on earth that lulls this pain.”
The wind breathed fresher thro’ the lattice bower ;
He ask’d a tale to linger out the hour.
The Peasant-Leech had none ; nor fay nor knight
Had ever glitter’d on his lowly sight.
“ Yet on his lord’s guitar he might recall
Some song,—his humble skill the skill of all.”
On the light strings his fingers feebly move,
“ Sing then,” Sebastian said, “ but not of love.”
“ My lord shall be obeyed,” the youth replied ;
The tone was mingled with offended pride ;—
“ He scorns not more than I the idle strains
Where perfidy of perfidy complains ;—
Woes of weak hearts, that never should be won ;
Wrongs of deluders by themselves undone.
Yet there is one, but scarcely song or tale,
A pageant, now upon my memory pale,

Yet brilliant once." Sebastian murmur'd, " Sing :"
The peasant bow'd, and chaunted to the string.

XL.

ZEPHYR AND THE ROSE-NYMPH.

'Tis eve, the soft, the purple hour,
The dew is glistening on the bower ;
The lily droops its silver head,
The violet slumbers on its bed ;
Heavy with sleep, the leaflets close,
Veiling thy bloom, enchanting rose,
Still gazing on the western ray,
The last sweet worshipper of day.
A cloud descends, a meteor plume
Shoots dazzling through the twilight gloom. " "
Oh ! who, at this soul-softening hour,
So wildly rushes thro' the bower,
Now winging fount, now grot, now grove ?
'Tis Zephyr led by viewless Love.

He darts, where in the deepest dell
A fount makes music in its shell ;
Upon the woodbine branch above,
Coos to its mate a snowy dove.
He stops ; no more his azure gaze
On earth, on heaven, upbraiding, strays :
Charm'd to the spot, his brightening eyes
See odours from the ground arise,
Waving to heaven, with curl and gleam,
Touch'd by the sun, a ruby stream.
They spread, float, fade, on upper air,
A simple rose-tree blushes there ;
It bends, it breathes, new blossoms swell
On that strange tree of miracle.
Till in its central, opening shade
He sees a form of beauty laid.

But, oh ! not on that young cheek glows
The blushing of its parent rose ;
Low on her breast her head is hung,
Her locks upon the wind are flung,
Her eye is closed, ambrosial sleep
Relentless seems her brow to steep.
Caught to his heart, she lives, she wakes,
On lip and cheek the deep blush breaks ;

Still, o'er the slight, unquickenng limb,
In marble folds the garments swim.
He smiles,—in waving light the robe
Floats on her bosom's heaving globe!
No words are whisper'd there, no sigh;
What emblem like a lover's eye?
All told at once; in mystic dance,
Their light feet o'er the verdure glance.
Now, wreathing close, her ringlets flow
On his blue wing and neck of snow;
Now, shot asunder, bright and far,
Swift as the arrows of a star,
They cull the rose, or press the wine
From thy rich cluster, melting vine.

A chorus echoes; sudden stoop
From cloud and car a glittering troop,
In warrior pomp, in beauty's bloom,
To join the lovely revel come:
There diadems of Paradise
Flash over beauty's brighter eyes,
And wing'd and regal spirits wield
The spear of flame and moon-orb'd shield.
And soon the lance is thrown aside,
The helm of chrysolite untied;

Earth, air are hush'd ; the up-raised eye,
The shape, alone are harmony ;
Waiting as if the signal given
For that ecstatic dance from heaven.
It comes ; in volumed richness round,
Rolls the descending stream of sound.
At once they sweep ; vain mortal ear,
The treadings of those feet to hear !
Nor snow before the whirlwind driven,
Nor colours of the summer even,
Nor streamers of the column'd light,
That reddens on the northern night,
Nor visions of the lover's sleep,
So swift, so light, so lovely sweep.

A moment more, like sunset's beam,
Flung loose along the rippling stream,
Still bright, tho' all dissolved the rays ;
In parted groups the dance decays ;
The music dies, as twilight's wave
Subsiding in its marble cave.
The dance has paused.—On grot and hill,
All is delicious, all is still.
And now the rite is done, that Love
Shall seal with Hymen's kiss above.

The blushing bride, the Rose-nymph springs,
Beside her lord, on sudden wings ;
The troop ascend ; slow wheeling o'er
The spot their pinions fann'd before ;
Then up the azure ocean bear
The Nymph, in triumph, to their sphere.

XLI.

“ Where was that pageant play'd ?” Sebastian said,
And on the peasant fix'd his eager eye ;
“ Was't in Valencia, twelve months since ?” a sigh
Closed his quick tone. The peasant bow'd his head.
“ Aye,” said the feverish questioner, “ that sight
Is yet by many a heart remember'd well.
Who that had seen the festal of that night,
My marriage eve, could next day's woes foretell ?
Maria, sweet, unwedded bride, farewell !”
He paused, then said, in faint soliloquy,
“ Are there not hours that fate has kept in store,
At once its whole wild weight of grief to pour,
The bitter price of long and prosperous years ?
Ruin'd Sidonia ! from that hour of tears

Thy heart was heap'd with woe; the chilling wave
Rolls over what was once thy noble son.

But she, his best beloved, his hallowed one,
Whose life consoled him for the double grave,
Better she ne'er was born;—her hard heart gave
The deadliest blow;—he dies the death of shame.

She fled her convent, stain'd her noble name;

Fled, with a menial for her paramour;—

Her house's honour crush'd beyond all cure;—

Undone! in body and in soul undone!"

"Are there no tidings?" said the listener.—"None;
She lives in daring guilt, if yet she lives."

"What of her sire?"—"He dies, and he forgives."

XLII.

Sebastian from his couch arose. The moon
Reign'd in full radiance o'er the sky of June,
Far round the vassal stars withdrew their fires.

He lean'd his folded arms and high pale brow
Against the casement's side. The light below
Fell, snowlike, thick, on palace-roofs and spires:

"'Twas a vain world." He cast his eye above,
And gave the musings way, that scarcely move

Th' unconscious lip : the breathings of the soul,
“ How lovely dost thou in thy blue heaven roll,
Shadow of HIM whom none can see, and live.
Yet what forbade thy mighty orb to give
His fiery splendours ! on night's fearful hour
To lift the image of consuming power ?
Sweet moon, that look of soft tranquillity
Was given in mercy to the sleepless eye ;
To cheer the tossing brow on fever's bed ;
To calm the midnight weeper o'er the dead ;
To raise the houseless wretch that sees thy beam,
To thoughts of hours when life shall be no dream.

XLIII.

“ Yet is earth's agony too strong for thee !
What terrors does the eye this moment see,
That sees like thine our world ? What thousands groan
On fields of slaughter ; on the dungeon's stone ;
Lost in the desert ; struggling in the wave ;
The wrong'd, the exiled,—all in one, the slave.
Aye ! give me rack and flame before the den
Where desperate slavery howls for home again.

Are there no other tortures? Love, true love;
Pang, that the light think light, the wise reprove;
But the true anguish that hates cure, controul;
The folly, fever, frenzy of the soul.
Yet, old Sidonia, art thou gazing now
Upon this comforter? or slumbering low
Where sorrow comes no more? Well hadst thou died,
Laid in the grave, thy gentle child beside,
Before that second, deeper wound was given;
There, there the dagger to the heart was driven.
Talk I of suffering! All to thine is tame;
A father's sorrow for his daughter's shame."

XLIV.

Sebastian paused, and turn'd. " Yet silent? Boy:
Thank heaven, my blood was spared that base alloy;
Was it not well?" The youth replied, "'Twas well.
She was a wretch. She's dead." His accent fell.
" What!—have *you* seen her?" " Yes, on that proud night,
When every heart, but one, but her's, was light;—

'Twas at the palace pageant ; on the eve
Of my lord's mournful bridal. Oh forgive—
My careless hand no more shall touch that string.
She clung to life, as shipwreck'd wretches cling,
When the next wave must sweep them from the shore.
Her cheek was whiter than the veil she wore ;
She mingled with the festive crowd unknown,
Tasting her desperate joy ;—her die was thrown !"
" The day before her vows ! the world was dear ;"
" She loved it not ; she had high business there."
" Know you her further story ?" " Nothing—No."
" You weep." " 'Tis childish, weak, but tears will flow.
She was the daughter of the lord I loved ;
Sidonia's vassal, could I see unmoved
His loved one sink, beyond my baffled art,
Sink in the sickness of the broken heart ?"
" What plunged her in the convent." " Madness all ;
The frenzied piety that's sure to fall."
" Rash sufferer ! but she quickly sought her cure ;
She fled, and with—" " Oh, with no paramour."
" A page was seen—" " No, as yon heaven is high,
She had no paramour ! That page was—I."

XLV.

Sebastian gazed : “ Where roves th’ unhappy one ? ”
“ She roves no more ; her earthly wandering’s done.”
“ Aye, the loose, outflung follower of some camp,
Blighted by burning noon, and nightly damp ;
Her heart a ruin, and her cheek a flame ;
Fever or famine closed her course of shame.
Such is the tale ; deny it not ; ’tis proved.
If false, why shun the father that she loved ?
Why break her convent vows ? She chose her chain.”
“ No ear, save Heaven’s, has heard her heart complain ;
Oh, had you seen too late repentance heap
The ashes on her dying head ! ” — “ You weep ;
She might be pitied—must not be forgiven ;
Compassion’s human, pardon rests with heaven ;
There let her make her peace : her heart is stained ;
The step is made that never was regained.”
“ Yet, if you loved her— ” — “ *Her !* presumptuous boy,
Venture no more : love *her !*—At once destroy
All honour, live in open shame, or fly,
Scared,—wolf-like—from the glance of human eye !
This thwarts and troubles me !—no more of love.”
He fixed his look upon the Mount above,

From whose bold forehead in the moonlight beam,
Th' Alhambra rose,—a silver diadem.

“ Passion of passions, sovereign, sole, sublime!

Earth's only one that scorns to yield to time,

There is thy temple, and this heart of mine

Shall perish into dust upon thy shrine.

Fabian, this eve I've seen within those walls

A form, a mystery, that enchants, appals—

That has hung o'er me like a summer-cloud,

Till my heart burn'd, my feeble reason bow'd ;

Made the day's thought, the vision of my bed ;

Met me and shunn'd,—been in my grasp and fled,

Till I have dream'd it of the shapes that come

To train the thoughtless for the early tomb.

There Fabian wilt thou see thy master laid ?”

The page replied not—his droop'd cheek was stay'd

Heavy upon his knee, as over wept.—

XLVI.

The moon went down ; the fresher breezes swept ;

The flowers dropp'd dew ; the stars grew white,—twas

dawn.

Sebastian sank in slumber, worn and wan,

Till where he stood, the sun's encreasing beam
 Pour'd in, and broke the unrefreshing dream.
 The room around was empty—where the page?—
 “ Where could he stray—so patient, gentle, sage?”
 His chamber was deserted,—he was gone.
 “ Who saw the truant leave the palace?” None;
 Or but a shepherd, that as moonlight died,
 Had seen a corpse along the Xenil glide.

XLVII.

The search was follow'd close and long, in vain.
 The rest was faint suspicion, rude surmise,
 Where each man brings his mite of prodigies,
 And what to all is dark, all *will* explain.
 Few love the favourite, and their hate found food
 In his low voice, his tears, his solitude,
 Condemn'd him to the grand explainer Time,
 And long'd to know the sentence,—and the crime.
 Their master felt his loss; but one deep thought
 Made all else light; and, duly at each eve,
 The pilgrim wander'd to the hallow'd spot,
 Where he had seen the vision that would leave

His heart,—yet not until its veins were cold.
But never more did he that form behold.

XLVIII.

Then thoughts of old Sidonia struck his mind,
No child to bless him, none that he could bless,
Life, all but its last bitterness, resign'd.—
Lonely himself, he thought of loneliness,
And turn'd a moment from that mountain shrine
To be a gentle son to his decline.

XLIX.

Sidonia's courts look'd mournful as when last
He saw them, but not lonely;—menials pass'd,
Frequent and hurrying, though in silence all,
And robed in sable. In the palace-hall
Was pomp as in its proudest days of old;
Yet many a black escutcheon lined the wall,
What wrought the change he knew not, but it told,
Tho' heavy on the heart had fall'n the blow,
That time or Heaven had check'd the cureless woe.

The old man met him with a smile, but pale,
And welcomed him, yet welcomed with a sigh;
“ His daughter had return’d ;—his prodigal ;”
A sudden tear stood trembling in each eye,
And his lip quiver’d, and his hurried hand
Swept from his brow the drops of misery.
“ She came in peace,—still pure,—but came to die.”
Sebastian tried to cheer,—himself unmann’d
To see in his enfeebled frame, how soon,
How surely Time’s slow work by grief is done,
And soothed, and led him gently, as if there
He saw a leaf of Autumn, thin and sere,
That the first breath might flutter from the tree.
“ She came in purity—but came to die,”
Was all the old man’s voice—still check’d by tears.
Sebastian led him beyond menial ears,
Calm’d him, and heard his brief and bitter tale,
“ Floranthe, daughter of his heart and years,
Had come to him at last,—not false or frail,
But worn by pain, and clouded by some woe
That baffled hope;—her life was hovering now
Above the grave.—The sufferer seldom spoke,
Smiled never ; hung for hours o’er lute or book,

Loved thro' the garden shades to stray unseen ;
Was all, and more than all, that she had been,
Most gentle, tender, filial, but her eye
Bore in it Death's sure summons,—she must die."

L.

'Twas an autumnal day, and now the eve
Walked on the western Heaven, serene and slow.
His guest now left Sidonia ; for his flow
Of tears was calm'd, and wandered forth to leave
His own o'erwhelming sadness for a while.
He felt the balminess of evening's smile,
As from the marble terraces he gazed
O'er the smooth, velvet-verdure of the lawn,
Where the tamed pheasant in the sunlight blazed,
Spreading his eye-dropt pinions, and the fawn
And leveret sported round the ancient trees.
The breath of life was in the breathing breeze.
And he was tempted on through thickets deep,
Scattered with rills, and knots of forest flowers,
That to his wounded fancy made such bowers,
As he would have to shadow his lone grave.

He heard a low, soft voice,—a gentle step
On the dried leaves—the struggling sunlight gave
A single beam—that shewed a female form,
Slight, sable-robed, and veil'd,—“ Sidonia's child!
Her woes were sacred.”—And the acacias wild,
And the laburnum blossom's yellow swarm
Soon gave the intruder shelter from her eye,
But kept him bound,—reluctantly, and nigh.

LI.

The lady's heart seem'd weary, and she sank,
In sudden weakness, on a velvet bank,
That bore upon its gently rising green
The marble image of a Magdalen.
The victim clasp'd and kiss'd the statue's feet,
And swept their damps with long and raven hair,
Then on her rosary said a whisper'd prayer:
The weeping rite was done; and to the sky,
As if she communed with a spirit there,
She turn'd and spoke—the words came tremblingly;
“ And costs it all this bitterness to die?”

Oh, how I lived upon his look, his step,
His distant voice, his very garments' sweep :
Gazed on him from my secret shade, until
I felt my brain with growing frenzy thrill :
Then bore away his glance, his slightest word,
From that fond hour among my treasures stored ;
My bitter food of thought for nights and days.—
The heart by death alone itself betrays,
And mine was wild and wretched, yet could hide,
Thank heaven, the pang by which it all but died.
Maria, angel, from thy throne above
Bear witness of my homage to thy love ;
Hating the cell, I plunged within the cell,
The boasted cure of those who love too well.
When thou wert borne to thy reward sublime,
And passion was no crime, oh was't a crime
To follow my soul's lord thro' toil and pain,
To face the sword, the pestilence, the chain,
To watch him day and night, as spirits move
Round those they love, mine was no earthly love !
I made the vow : 'twas kept. I lived to see
The price of vows forgotten, heaven, to thee !
A nun, thy pledged, thy consecrated bride,
A perjured wanderer by a mortal's side !

I was repaid ; I sought his eye in vain ;
I heard,—the word is desperate,—his disdain.”

LII.

The sudden breeze sigh'd past. “ Delicious wind
That fans my dying cheek, my dying mind ;
Shall I not come upon thee like a stream
Of music round my lord, a gentle dream
Resting upon his eyelids ; while I tell
All that the living bosom shrank to feel,
And hear him answer, all his spirit hear,
And love without a blush, without a fear ?
But he will never know : unlovely grave,
Thou soon shalt hide the heart his victim gave :
And he will come in pride, and pomp, and bloom,
And scorn the dust to which his look was doom.
Scorn it, oh, no, his generous tear will fall
For the lost wretch who gave him vow, heart, all :
For he was all to her ; the lowly flower
Hid in the shadow of the lordly tower ;
Uncheer'd, yet shrinking at the slightest blast
That o'er its grandeur swept ; still clinging fast,

Till at its foot 'twas wither'd! Heart of mine,
 A human idol was within thy shrine!
 And for it thou wert stricken; dust to dust;
 The vestal sinn'd in soul; the blow was just.
 She was abandon'd to wild fantasies;
 She loved, she dream'd, she fail'd, she fled, she dies."

LIII.

Her voice was gone. Against the statue's knee
 Back fell her head,—like wax, her pale, cold hands
 Dropp'd at her sides, as if her mortal sands
 Were run. Sebastian bounded from his tree,
 With trembling haste the sable veil removed,
 And saw, his lost, his lovely, his beloved.

LIV.

Here ends the tale. She died?—no! gentle words
 Can still work miracles, and women's hearts
 Are treasures well worth miracles to keep.
 So, what of sweet things Spain's proud tongue affords,
 And it has many, play'd their sweetest parts

To bring her back ; Sebastian too could weep,
And tears are tempting, in a lover's eye,
And his was blue, and pour'd them in a heap.
He swore that he *must* die, if she *would* die,
That gold could set ten convents all asleep :
In short, persuaded her to live,—or try.

LV.

The laugh was light, is ended. If the world
Is but a vanity at best, a toy,
That, as for each the mighty bauble's twirl'd,
Turns up the chance of sorrow or of joy ;
This is its gilded side ; the moments given
To love like this are moments lent from heaven.
The rest I tell not, have no power to tell ;
The old man's look, his burst of happiness,
When on his ransom'd daughter's neck he fell,
The blushing daughter's joyous, sweet distress,
The cheerful tumult of the household hall,
The crowding friends, the ceaseless festival :
Nor how that gentle pair would leave them all,
And wander thro' the garden, and the grove :

And ever, by some unresisted spell,
Find their steps turning to the *evening* dell :
While o'er them flew the hours with feathery feet ;
For such are of the very life of love.
Nor how the lady told the dear deceit
Of the false Moor, and sang the madrigal,
That lured his step within th' Alhambra wall :
Nor how her spirit wither'd on the morn
That stamped Sidonia's daughter with his scorn :
And then, the lover's wonder that his eyes
Should not have known that shape thro' all disguise ;
“ And yet, beneath her noble father's roof,
That shape by stern decorum kept aloof,
Perhaps had never met his hasty gaze.”
So lived they in a sweet romantic maze,
Alone, amid the proud and festive throng,
Painless, unless o'erpowering joy were pain,
And oft Sebastian ask'd th' Alhambra song,
And won the wanderer's tale, again, again.

LVI.

But the young vestal's vows ?—'Tis well the Pope
Is kind of heart, and fractures many a chain.
I fear, in England they could have no hope,
But dukes and ducats can do much in Spain :
So they were wedded, and life's smoothest tide
Bore on its breast the bridegroom and the bride.

NOTES

TO

SEBASTIAN.

(1).—“ *But now on Turia's glassy wave.*”

THE Turia, or Guadaliviar, flows at the foot of the walls of Valencia. This river is of considerable magnitude, and waters a rich country.

(2).—“ *But those were stirring times.*”

The war of the succession, in which Charles of Austria struggled for the Spanish crown with the grandson of Louis XIV. devastated a large portion of Spain. Catalonia had the propensity for war that seems to have strangely belonged to all the commercial states since the dark ages. The pride of opulence was more powerful than the fear of plunder, and Barcelona, even from the commencement of the ninth century, was memorable for its military spirit and sufferings.

Down to 1714 it had sustained nine sieges : that in 1713 and 1714 was one of the most memorable in history for the desperate resistance of the people, and for the fearful waste of human life on both sides. Saragossa has been its only rival even in our day of gigantic hostility.

(3).—“ *That show'd them Barcelona in the vale.*”

The aspect of the country surrounding Barcelona is of great beauty. From the gates to the slope of the mountains on the north-west, the landscape, to the extent of nearly nine miles, is thick with villas. From the summit of the hill the eye takes in this sweep of luxuriant cultivation, the city, one of the stateliest in the south of Europe, and a boundless extent of bright blue sea.

(4).—“ *A fiery circle ran round Montjuif's height.*”

This fortress, which is also called Montjouy and Montjuich, stands on a hill to the west of Barcelona, and commanding the town and the citadel. In the war of the succession it was taken by assault by the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, a man who might be called the knight-errant of modern warfare. In this war, which closed so lucklessly, he distinguished himself at the head of the English troops by unwearied spirit, resource, and gallantry. An interesting, anecdotal narrative of the Catalonian campaign is given in Captain Carleton's memoirs.

(5)—“ *Thy Rambla rang with dance and song.*”

Once the favourite promenade of Barcelona, and still possessing the most showy theatre in Spain.

(6)—“ *Th’ Atalaya hill.*”

The city of Granada and its territory are perhaps the most exclusively of any part of Spain indebted to the Moors. The city, built by them in the tenth century, was made the head of a new Moorish kingdom in the thirteenth, and became, under their enterprise and opulence, the wonder of the age. The splendour and oriental magnificence of the sovereign and the state would appear incredible but for their evidences in its wars and its ruins. At its final capture, in 1492, after a siege of a year, by the army of Ferdinand and Isabella, it contained 70,000 houses, and was defended by 1030 towers on the ramparts. It was protected by two large fortresses, and the armed men within the walls amounted to 100,000. The city fell by faction among the principal families.

The plain, or Vega, extending from the city to the Sierra Nevada and watered by the Xenil, Vagro, Monachil, &c. is of exhaustless fertility.

The Alhambra, the palace and the fortress of the Moorish kings, is built on the *Sierra del Sol*, overlooking the city. The prospect from it is remarkable even in the picturesque and luxuriant beauty of the Mediterranean coast of Spain. Its exterior is simply that of an old fortification. A door in the square tower of the *judgment-gate* opens into all the wonders of the last seat of the Saracens in

Europe. The entrance-court is paved with marble, porticoed, and with a basin of running water in the centre, bordered with flower-beds and orange walks. The second court, or "of the Lions," is one hundred feet long by fifty, with galleries on grouped marble columns, marble cupolas at the extremities, and in the centre a superb basin of alabaster, borne by twelve lions; into this court the heads of the Abencerrages were flung, by order of the king.

There are a multiplicity of apartments within, for the royal household, for audiences, and some of more than mere magnificence; a music-room, and a dressing-room or oratory for the queen, which looks on a lovely landscape. The music-room has four galleries and an alabaster basin in the centre. In the oratory there is a marble slab pierced with holes for the ascent of perfumes from a lower chamber when the queen knelt on it, and prayed towards Mecca. All these apartments exhibit an exhaustless variety of decoration in painting, gilding, and sculpture, and incrustations of jasper and porphyry. The ceiling and walls are covered with hieroglyphics, Mosaic, and inscriptions from the Koran.

(7)—“*Zephyr and the Rose Nymph.*”

This sketch was taken from a ballet on an Italian stage.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

[There is a tradition that, when Lorenzo the Magnificent was yet in his cradle, a wandering astrologer stood over him and predicted his future renown.]

INFANT—noble infant—sleep,
While this midnight Heav'n I sweep.
O'er thee burn a trine of stars,
Jove the sovereign, fire-eyed Mars,
Venus, with the diamond beam ;
Babe, thou'lt wear the diadem,
Wield the victor sword, and win
Woman more than half divine.
On this pure and pencil'd brow
Latent bursts of lightning glow.
Haughty Venice shall be bow'd
When they rend the thunder cloud.

Eloquence is on thy lip,
Now, like roses when they dip
Their budding crimson in the dew ;
But, when time shall change its hue,
Law, and truth, and liberty
On its paler pomp shall lie.
What is magic's mightiest wand
To the sceptre in this hand ?
Florence, city of the dead !
Cast the ashes from thy head,
At its touch the rose shall bloom
On thy solitary tomb.
Sea ! that hear'st the dreary gale
O'er thy lonely billows wail,
When in strength this hand is raised,
Thou shalt wear a crown emblazed ;
Gold and glory from the East
Shall on thy green forehead rest ;
At thy feet the banners riven
Mark thy foes, the foes of Heaven.
Grave ! where ancient genius lies,
What shall bid thy slumberers rise ?
Glorious infant ! thou shalt stand,
Sending down thy summons grand

Through its depths, and they shall come
Brighter for the transient tomb.
In thy splendour, timid eye,
Crowns shall lose their majesty ;
Dim before the soul enshrined,
The fiery sovereignty of mind.
Child of might, young miracle,
Sweet Lorenzo, fare thee well !

THE ARTIST'S CHAMBER.

A Sketch on the Spot.

THE room was low and lone, but linger'd there,
In careless loveliness, the marks of mind ;
The page of chivalry, superb and drear,
Beside a half-filled vase of wine reclined,
Told how romance and gaiety combined.
And there, like things of immortality,
Stood statues, in their master's soul enshrined,
Venus with the sweet smile and heavenly eye,
And the sad solemn beauty of pale Niobe.

And scatter'd round, by wall and sofa, lay
Emblems of thoughts that love from earth to spring.
Upon a portrait fell the evening ray,
Touching with splendour many an auburn ring
That veil'd a brow of snow ; and crimsoning
The bending Spanish cheek with living rose ;
And there lay a guitar, whose silvery string
Breathed to the wind ; like beauty in repose ;
Sighing the lovely sounds that bade her blue eye close.

TO THE MEMORY OF _____.

“Thou thy worldly task hast done.”

SHAKSPEARE.

HIGH peace to the soul of the dead,
From the dream of the world she has gone!
On the stars in her glory to tread,
To be bright in the blaze of the throne.

In youth she was lovely; and Time,
When her rose with the cypress he twined,
Left her heart all the warmth of its prime,
Left her eye all the light of her mind.

The summons came forth,—and she died!
Yet her parting was gentle, for those
Whom she loved, mingled tears at her side—
Her death was the mourner's repose.

Our weakness may weep o'er her bier,
But her spirit has gone on the wing
To triumph for agony here,
To rejoice in the joy of its King.

CZERNI GEORGE.

THIS man was one of the bold creations of wild countries and troubled times; beings of impetuous courage, iron strength, original talent, and doubtful morality. Civilization levels and subdues the inequalities of the general mind; barbarism shows, with the desolation, the grandeur of the wilderness, the dwarfed and the gigantic side by side, a thousand diminished and decaying productions overshadowed by one mighty effort of savage fertility.

Georges Petrowich was descended of a family of Servian nobles. His habitual name of *Czerni*, (*black*,) was given probably from the colour of his hair.

His first spirit exhibited itself in an act of personal violence. When a boy, and ordered by a Turk to stand out of his way or have his brains blown out, he shot the Turk on the spot. Hatred of the oppressors of his country might have here mingled with individual offence. Czerni George took immediate refuge in Transylvania, and entered the Austrian service, where he was made a non-commissioned officer. He subsequently quarrelled with his captain; challenged, and killed him. He was now twenty-five; he returned to Servia, took the command of a troop of banditti, fought the Turks with remorseless hostility, by signal gallantry, perseverance, and talent embodied an army from "the mountain and the forest," bore down the Turks before him, besieged Belgrade, and on the 1st of December, 1806, forced it to capitulate.

He was now master of a kingdom, was proclaimed generalissimo of Servia, repelled an attempt of the senate of nobles and ecclesiastics, to possess the government, and by proclamation declared himself "Supreme." The Mussulman power was awakened by this proximity of triumphant opposition, and an army of 50,000 men passed over the Servian frontier. Czerni

fought long and desperately on the banks of the Saave, but his small population gave way before the mass of the Turkish power. At the treaty of 1812, between Russia and the Porte, Servia was acknowledged tributary to the Sultan. Czerni retired to Russia, and lived at Kissonoff, in Bessarabia. In 1817, he had the rashness to return to Servia. He was taken in disguise near Belgrade, and immediately beheaded by order of the Pashaw. The object of his return is unascertained; it was said to be the possession of some treasure hidden during his day of success: it was supposed by the Turks to be an attempt to feel his way to massacre once more. He might have been urged by the mere restlessness of a vigorous mind weary of inactivity, or by the nobler impulse of giving independence to his country, at a time when Europe was exulting in the overthrow of the French Empire.

His appearance was striking and singular. He was boldly formed, and above the general stature. But the extraordinary length of his physiognomy, his sunken eyes, and his bald forehead, bound with a single black tress of hair, gave him a look rather Asiatic than European. It was his custom to sit in silence for hours

together ; he could neither read nor write. But he was a great warrior, and, for the time, a deliverer of his country.

CZERNI GEORGE.

'Twas noon ! a crimson banner play'd
Above thy rampart porte, Belgrade ;
From time to time the gong's deep swell
Rose thundering from the citadel ;
And soon the trampling charger's din
Told of some mustering pomp within.
But all without was still and drear,
The long streets wore the hue of fear,
All desart, but where some quick eye
Peer'd from the curtain'd gallery :
Or crouching slow from roof to roof,
The Servian glanced, then shrank aloof,
Eager, yet dreading to look on
The business to be that day done.
The din grew louder, trampling feet
Seem'd rushing to the central street ;

'Twas fill'd ; the city's idle brood
Scatter'd before, few, haggard, rude :
Then came the Spahis pressing on
With kettle-drum and gonfalon ;
And ever, at the cymbal's clash,
Upshook their spears the sudden flash,
Till, like a shatter'd, sable sail,
Wheel'd o'er their rear the black horse-tail,
All hurrying thick, like men who yield,
Or men who seek some final field.

They lead a captive ; the Pashaw
From his large eye draws back with awe ;
All tongues are silent in the group,
Who round that fearful stranger troop :
He still has homage, tho' his hands
Are straining in a felon's bands.
No Moslem he ; his brow is bare,
Save one wild tress of raven hair,
Like a black serpent deeply bound,
Where once sat Servia's golden round.
His neck bends low, and many a stain
Of blood shows how it feels the chain ;
A peasant's robe is o'er him flung,
A swordless sheath beside him lung ;

He sits a charger, but a slave
 Now holds the bridle of the brave.

* * * * *

And now they line the palace-square,
 A splendid sight, as noon's full glare
 Pours on their proud caparison,
 Arms rough with gold and dazzling stone,
 Horse-nets, and shawls of Indian dye,
 O'er brows of savage majesty.

But where's the fetter'd rider now ?

A flag above, a block below,
 An Ethiop headsman low'ring near,
 Show where must close his stern career.

A thousand eyes are fix'd to mark
 The fading of his eye's deep spark,
 The quicken'd heaving of his breast,
 But all within it is at rest :

There is no quivering nerve ; his brow
 Scarce bent upon the crowd below,
 He stands in settled, stately gloom,
 A warrior's statue on his tomb.

* * * * *

A trumpet rang ;—the turban'd line
 Clash'd up their spears, the headsman's sign.

Then, like the flame-burst from the forge,
 Blazed thy dark visage, CZERNI GEORGE !
 He knew that trumpet's Turkish wail,
 His guide thro' many a forest vale,
 When, scattering like the hunted deer,
 The Moslem felt his early spear ;
 He heard it when the Servian targe
 Broke down the Delhi's desperate charge,
 And o'er the flight his scymetar
 Was like the flashing of a star :
 That day, his courser to the knee
 Was bathed in blood, and Servia free !
 That day, before he sheathed his blade,
 He stood a sovereign in Belgrade ;
 The field, the throne were on that eye,
 Which wander'd now so wild and high.

* * * * *

The hour had waned ; the sunbeam fell
 Full on the palace pinnacle,
 The golden crescent on its spire
 Beam'd o'er a cross ! his eye shot fire ;
 That cross was o'er the crescent set,
 The day he won the coronet,
 He dash'd away a tear of pride,
 His hand was darted to his side,

No sword was there :—a bitter smile
Told the stern spirit's final thrill ;
Yet all not agony ; afar,
Mark'd he no cloud of northern war ?
Swell'd on his prophet ear no clang
Of tribes that to their saddles sprang ?
No Russian cannon's heavy hail
In vengeance smiting the Serail ?
The whole was but a moment's trance,
That 'scaped the turban'd rabble's glance ;
A sigh, a stride, a stamp the whole,
Time measures not the tides of soul.
He was absorb'd in dreams, nor saw
The hurried glare of the Pashaw ;
Nor saw the headsman's backward step,
To give his axe the wider sweep.
Down came the blow!—the self-same smile
Was lingering on the dead lip still,
When 'mid the train the pikeman bore
The bloody head of the Pandour.

* * * * *

The night was wild, the atabal
Scarce echoed on the rampart wall ;
Scarce heard the shrinking centinel,
The night-horn in the tempest's yell.

But forms, as shot the lightning's glare,
 Stole silent thro' that palace-square,
 And thick and dim a weeping group
 Seem'd o'er its central spot to stoop.
 The storm a moment paused, the moon
 Broad from a hurrying cloud-rift shone ;
 It shone upon a headless trunk,
 Raised in their arms ; the moonbeam sunk,
 And all was dimness ; but the beat
 Came sudden as of parting feet,
 And sweet and solemn voices pined
 In the low lapses of the wind.
 'Twas like the hymn, when soldiers bear
 A soldier to his sepulchre.

* * * * *

The lightning threw a shaft below,
 The stately square was desert now.
 Yet far, as far as eye could strain,
 Was seen the remnant of a train ;
 A wavering shadow of a crowd,
 That round some noble burden bow'd.
 'Twas gone, and all was night once more,
 Wild rain, and whirlwind's doubled roar.

SATAN.

From a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

“Satan dilated stood.”

MILTON.

PRINCE of the fall'n! around thee sweep
The billows of the burning deep.
Above thee low'rs the sullen fire,
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire.
And on thy sleepless vision rise
Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,
The spear unlifted in thy hand;
Thy gorgeous eye,—a comet shorn,
Calm into utter darkness borne;
A naked giant, stern, sublime,
Arm'd in despair, and scorning Time.

On thy curl'd lip is throned disdain,
That may revenge, but not complain:
Thy mighty cheek is firm, tho' pale,
There smote the blast of fiery hail,
 Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there,
 The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

Thy forehead wears no diadem.
The king is in thy eye-ball's beam ;
Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,
Sole Chief of Hell's dark multitude.
 Thou prison'd, ruin'd, unforgiven !
 Yet fit to master all but Heaven.

MONTICELLO.

From a Manuscript Journal.

“ WE had returned from our excursion on the lake with something like a determination, not the less sincere for its being less ‘loud than deep,’ to look for no more raptures in water excursions: but the evenings in this country are so proverbially fine, that one easily forgets the ruffings of the day. The sun was going down as we ascended the hill to the *Casa Cavaletti*, and the view from the summit was most noble, various, and picturesque. This is the land of colours, and the landscape was an immense panorama tinged with long and regular sweeps of radiance, like the divisions of a map. Lombardy lay before us on the left, an endless expansion of the green of vineyards and

fruit-gardens ; then came the true Italian view, of hills touched with crimson lights, and, in the intervals, glimpses of three or four remote lakes, that looked like sheets of sanguined steel. In front, the sun was stooping in full glory upon Milan, and the dome of the cathedral rose, among heavy purple clouds, like a pillar of gold ; the Bolognese hills were the *relief* of this magnificent foreground, and they had the additional depth of being loaded with what seemed a growing thunder-storm. To all this nothing was wanting but a group of banditti or a procession of pilgrims, and, as Fortune would have it, we were suddenly called from our aërial contemplations to look upon what might have been taken for either. Our guide, whom we sent to reconnoitre, soon returned, and told us that they were redeemed slaves from Algiers. They seemed a very uncivilized troop : we, however, were numerous enough not to feel much alarm, and waited for their coming, which was preluded by a general *viva* for the *bravi Inglesi*. They were about forty ; some of them had been long in slavery, and bore the marks of an African sun in their stained and withered complexions. We were generous, as they called it, and, before parting, they gave us a specimen of their gratitude. They produced two wo-

men, whom, in defiance of all the laws of Algiers and Mohammed, they had smuggled away in the general confusion of their departure, and who were to exhibit for us. The sun was now setting, and we became rather suspicious of night in such company; however, they insisted that they should be permitted the honour of displaying their finest specimen of African accomplishment. A few moments were enough for the troop to bind their sashes round their heads into some resemblance of a turban, their cloaks were scarfed round their shoulders, and we found ourselves in the presence of what might easily be imagined into a band of travelling Moors. They had contrived to preserve some mandolines, and a wild kind of horn, in use among the shepherds on the borders of the desert. They found out a level spot on the hill side, and, with the exception of ten or twelve, who did not think themselves equal to the display, commenced a species of chorus and a confused dance; this soon ceased, and they divided. One of the females headed each party. We were standing below, and with our backs to the sun. The unemployed slaves were scattered round the edge of the circle, wrapped in brown cloaks that reached to the ground, and with their fixed, dark faces and

tall, unmoving figures, like so many monuments of bronze. The sun was just touching the horizon. In the midst of a sudden glare of sanguine radiance one of the women advanced from the centre of the dancers, who were grouped on the summit ; she was a tall and stately figure, and must have been once very handsome ; a Greek and stern profile, bold and rapidly moving eyebrows, large eyes of the deepest black, cheeks of artificial crimson, and a mouth of such dimpled sweetness as strangely contrasted with the haughty and tragic expression of her general physiognomy. We afterwards learned that she had been sold from the seraglio for some act of violence or revenge. She declaimed a soliloquy in Arabic. She frequently pointed to the heavens, then cast her eyes round, paused, listened, then gazed upwards, as if she saw some descending wonder : this closed with a prostration. A painter might have made a noble study of her, with the wild gesture, and illumined figure, the scarlet shawl that crowned her brow like a wreath of fire in the sun, and the countenance alternately brightening and darkening, as if with the spell within. She might have stood for a Cassandra. As she rose again, the two parties commenced alternately singing, and, with the

same style of gesture, turning from earth to heaven. This singular pantomime was to represent the transmission of Mohammed's sword from the upper world ; and, whether from the vengeance, or the taste of their Moorish masters, had been one of the tasks imposed upon such of the slaves as exhibited any ' music in their souls.' The chorus, heard at any other time and place, might not have produced any very extravagant admiration ; but, heard in that place of solitude, and in the presence of the beings who had themselves undergone the ' perils by fire and flood, and chains o' the Moor,' even the rude chime of the mandolines, and the sad and stern notes of the desert horn, breaking in among voices, that in all their captivity were Italian, made up, as we all subsequently agreed, one of the most powerful effects that we had experienced from music. On parting, they gave us the words of their chaunt."

THE PROPHET'S SCYMETAR.

I see a tempest in the sky,
The clouds are rushing wild and high!
'Tis dark, and darker still! The moon
Is wan, is fiery red, is gone.
Along the horizon's edge a ring
Of fearful light hangs wavering;
Yet all beneath, around, is still,
Enchanted all, lake, vale, and hill.
Hark to the thunder-peal! 'tis past,
Scarce echoing on the upward blast.
The silver streamers to the pole
Roll gorgeous; not for us they roll.
Things in that tossing sky have birth
This hour, that bear no stain of earth.
The storm descends again! the peal,
The lightning's hiss, the whirlwind's swell,
At once come deepening on the ear.
The cloud is now a sanguine sphere,

That, down a cataract of light,
 Shoots from the summit of the night ;
 And glorious shapes, along its verge,
 Like meteors flash, ascend, immerge.

* * * * *

The broad black heaven is awed and calm ;
 The earth sends up its breath of balm ;
 The thunder crowns the mountain's brow ;
 The lake's long billow sinks below ;
 All slumbering, far as eye can gaze,
 In sapphire ; one blue mystic blaze !
 They come ! whence swept that sound so near
 So sweet, it pains the mortal ear ?
 A sound that on the spirit flings
 A spell to open all its springs.
 (That sound thou'lt hear no more, till rise
 Thine own white wings in Paradise.)
 List to the song the Genii pour,
 As from yon airy isle they soar,
 Chaunting alternate, height o'er height,
 Halo on halo, diamond bright,
 The strain that told from star to star,
 They brought the talisman of war ;
 The PROPHETS blazing scymetar !

GENIE.

Allah il Allah ! high in heaven,
Might to the mightiest be given !
Mohammed, prophet, prince, be thine
On earth Dominion's master-sign.
On thy bold brow no jewell'd band ;
No sceptre in thy red right hand ;
Forth, and fulfil thy destiny !
The scymetar descends for thee !

CHORUS.

Hail, holy scymetar! thy steel
Is lightning's flash and thunder's peal !

GENIE.

Nor mortal force, nor earthly flame,
Woke in the mine its mighty frame :
Its mine was in the tempest's gloom,
Its forge was in the thunder's womb,
To give its hue the eclipsing moon
In brief and bloody splendour shone,
The comet, rushing from its steep,
Traced thro' the heaven the steel's broad sweep.

CHORUS.

Prince of the starry diadem,
Where found its blade the burning gleam?

GENIE.

'Twas edged upon the living stone
That lights the tomb of Solomon ;
Then, rising, temper'd in the wave,
That floats thro' Mecca's holy cave ;
Above, upon its hilt, were graven
The potent characters of heaven ;
Then on the footsteps of the throne
'Twas laid, it blazed, the charm was done.

CHORUS.

Now, woe to helm, and woe to shield,
That meets its rushing o'er the field.
Like dust before its edge shall fail
The temper'd sword, the solid mail ;
Till, like a star, its glories swell
In terrors on the Infidel,
A sun foredoom'd to pour its rays
Till earth is burning in its blaze !

THE SONG OF ANTAR.

Antar, the great Arabian Epic, has become popular from Mr. Hamilton's admirable translation. But the extravagance of the hero's lyrics is perhaps too unlicensed for English poetry.

IBLA, I love thee. On my heavy eye
Thine flashes like the lightning on the cloud.
I cannot paint thy beauty ; for it leaves
All picturing pale. Were I to say the moon
Looks in her midnight glory like thy brow,
Where is the wild, sweet sparkling of thine eye ?
Or that the palm is like thy stately form,
Where is thy grace among its waving boughs ?
Thy forehead's whiteness is my rising sun ;
Thine ebon tresses wreathing it like night,
Like night bewilder me ; thy teeth are pearls,
In moist lips rosier than the Indian shell ;

Thy bosom is enchantment's ivory throne.
Ibla, 'twas blessing to be at thy side,
But now my world is darkness, for thou'rt gone!
Thy look was to my life what evening dews
Are to the hyacinth ; thy single glance
Went swifter, deeper, to thy lover's heart,
Than spear or scymetar ; and still I gaze
Hopeless on thee, as on the glorious moon,
For thou, like her, art bright, like her above me.

INSCRIPTION
ON
ALEXANDER OF MACEDON.

FROM THE GREEK.

Ἕκτορος μὲν Τροίη συγκαταθανεν.

Archiaë Ep.

TROY fell with Hector, and no champion's spear,
From that o'erwhelming hour, taught Greece to fear.
With Alexander perished Pella's name ;
Thus one great mind is life, and power, and fame.

INSCRIPTION FOR THEMISTOCLES.

Ἐντὶ ταφῆς λιτοῦο Σὲς Ἑλλάδα.

Germanici Ep.

BE Greece her hero's *sepulchre*,
Be Persia's fleets the *trophy* there,
The *epitaph* be XERXES' name.
The *column*, Salamis!—to shame
The weak ingratitude that gave
THEMISTOCLES a narrow grave.

ROSOLIA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Rammenta chi t' adora

Ancora in questo stato.

ADRIAN, LUDOVICO.

Adr. Ask me no more of her.—

The tale is idle,—past—'tis of the things
That lie i' the heart, as in a monument ;
Faded—but holy, not to be disturb'd.
Yet 'twere not much to say that she was fair,
No, nor that when she smiled her smile was sweet,
For so said all ; nor that her slender form

Was touch'd with grace by Nature. Yonder wave,
 Sinking in lines of silver,—this green stem
 Bowing its purple clusters o'er our heads ;
 That willow, swaying in the sunset wind,
 Were but its emblems, lifeless images.

Lud. I saw her portrait once. 'Twas in your sleep :
 It had escaped your bosom.

Adr. Dared you gaze ?
 No eye but mine should have beheld that face ;
 No eye but mine should on that face have wept ;
 No eye but mine should that dead face have loved :
 For by all else its beauty were profaned.
 It was my secret pleasure, pain, hope, fear,
 My life's deep mystery.

Lud. It was beautiful,
 And I half wonder'd, stranger as I was,
 To find my heart so waken'd by that smile.

Adr. It could not show Rosolia. See those streaks
 Painting the western clouds ; the living flush
 That dies their white with crimson of the rose ;
 And there, the zone of burnish'd hyacinth,
 That streams across the crimson like a wave ;
 There is the summer beauty of her cheek
 With the rich tress that veil'd it.

When I sat

Beneath her eye, I felt it on my heart
Like a bright spell. 'Tis not the blaze of gems,
Nor vesper starlight, nor aught beautiful
In this descending sun, or in this world,
That can bring back its splendour: 'twas a beam
Beyond all picturings of earth: a look
As we have heard of angels, where no lips
Are wanted to give utterance to the thought;
Its glance was radiant thought. Yet when her voice
Breathed some old melody, or closed the day
With her due hymn to the Virgin, I have turn'd
Even from the glory of her eye, to weep
Tears, painful from delight. I weep no more:
My world is done—there shines—Rosolia's grave.

NELSON'S PILLAR.

Written by the Sea-side on a lowering Evening.

THERE is a gloomy splendour in the sun,
That levels his last beam along the shore ;
The clouds are rolling downwards stern and dun ;
The long, slow wave is streak'd with red, like gore
On some vast field of battle ; and the roar
Of wave and wind comes like the battle's sound.
From the sea's verge a column seems to soar,
A shaft of silver, on whose summit, wound
With golden beams, sits Britain's Image, throned, and
crown'd !

And now the sun sinks deeper ; and the clouds,
In folds of purple fire, still heavier low'r ;
'Till sudden storm the shore and ocean shrouds.
But o'er the darkness glows that stately tower,
A giant height, on which the sunbeams shower
Their undiminish'd glories. NELSON'S name
Is on the column. Thus the battle's hour
But show'd the splendour of his spirit's flame,
Thus in earth's final light shall blaze the Hero's fame.

Yarmouth.

THE INDIAN GIRL.

“ Is it a vision ? For I’ve seen such things
Among the morning skies, and the sweet fires
That play round tree-tops in the setting sun.”

ANON.

From a Picture by Stewardson.

THE bower is of the Indian drapery
That weaves its living woof of flowers and fruits,
Red with the kisses of the amorous sun ;
The roof is canopied crimson of the rose ;
The floor is violet-bedded, here and there
Tinged with some bud fresh weeping from the roof ;
Or inlaid with rich flowers that force their way,
Veining the blue, like gold in lazuli,
A form is in that bower, that might be thought
Placed there for man to worship, or of those

That sit on thrones o' the cloud and wreathe their wings
 With pearls still wet from streams of Paradise.
 Yet she is human, and the silvery shawl,
 That, like a holy circle o'er a saint,
 Crowns her pale beauty, binds a weary brow,
 Besieged with memories that make it pale.

* * * * *

She sits upon the ground, and one hand lifts
 A flute that presses from her soft lip sounds,
 Like the wind's wooing of the rose; and one
 Holds a bright serpent in a silken band.
 Her eye is on him and his eye on her,
 As if she found in him *one* thing to love;
 As if he felt her beauty, not her chain,
 And lived upon her melancholy smile.
 Her song has stirr'd him; it has stirr'd herself;
 For on her eyelash hangs a glistening tear,
 The heart's quick tribute to times past and gone;
 And such wild sportings as he can he tries
 Before her powerful eye, and suits his dance,
 Swifter or slower, to her wandering song.
 He shoots along the violet floor, and lies
 Straight as a prostrate column, and as still

As its pale marble ; then sweeps up his coil,
Surge upon surge, and lays his gorgeous head
With its fix'd, sleepless eye i' the centre ring,
The watcher of his living citadel ;
Then rolls away as loose as the sea-wave ;
Anon, he stoops like the wild swan, and shows
A neck as arch'd and silvery ; then the vine
Must be outdone, and he's as lithe, and curl'd,
And glistens thro' the leaves as proud a green.
But now the song grows loftier, and his pomp
Must all be worn to please his Indian queen.
He rises from his train, that on the ground
Floats in gold circles, and his burnish'd head
Towers, in the sunset, like a rising flame ;
And he has put on colours that make dim
The stones o' the Indian mine : his length is sheathed
In mail, that has for plates the mother-pearl,
And for its studs the diamond : there's no ray
That strikes his arch'd neck from the stooping sun,
But rings it with a collar of rich gems,
Or sheets it in one emerald, or the flame
Of rubies, or the orient sapphire's blue.
His head is crested topaz, that enspheres

An eye as glittering as a summer star,
Yet fix'd in all its shootings on one form,
That thanks its duty with a faint fond smile.
So stands and shines he till the charm is done,
And that sweet sound and sweeter smile have sunk
In silence and in shade.

THE FUNERAL.

“ The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish.”

ADDISON.

THAT day an Empire's eyes with tears were dim,
For her whom yet they deemed a saint in heaven,
Released from Earth to bliss: the tear, the hymn,
To ease their own o'erburden'd hearts were given;
But Windsor in thy towery courts that even
Was sorrow for the daughter of the throne:
There waved thick plumes; the dewy air was riven
With trumpet sounds; and torch, and cresset shone,
Like crowding stars, on lance and proud caparison.

And many a form of age and martial pomp
Swell'd that procession thro' the aisle's long maze,
To chauntings rich and organ's solemn tromp,
Till on the chancel-roof the torch's blaze
Flashed in a thousand melancholy rays
From pendant helm and sword and gonfalon,
The fading emblems of the fleeting days,
That down thy stream, forgetfulness, have gone,
No, they shall live till Earth's last hour is done.

The chaunt had ceased, the final pray'r been said,
Slow like a parting shade, the bier gone down,
There came a form, with feeble step, bow'd head,
The snows of eighty winters on it strown ;
The ancient herald. By the vault's dark stone
He stood ; the torch-flame bursting from below,
Glow'd on his brow and golden habergeon,
Emblem of age above youth's grave in woe,
He came, to tell her pomps whom earth no more shall know.

And this is life ! This, grandeur, beauty, birth,
Who are those weepers ? England's men of fame,
Sages and warriors, lords and lights of earth !
And who sleeps there ? I cannot name her name,
Our young Elizabeth, the soul of flame,

She of the regal brow, the gentle eye,
That like a passing spirit to us came,
And having done her deed of charity,
Rose sudden from our glance, to teach us all must die.

But she was honour'd ! never obsequies
Were seen like hers on earth ; that livelong day
The empire was a burst of tears and sighs ;
The cities in one funeral silence lay ;
Their millions, with one instinct took their way
To the high refuge of the heart's despair.
Authority spoke not. They rush'd to pay
Grief's tribute ; to lay heart and spirit bare,
'Twas one great, contrite, voluntary day of pray'r.

England, I've seen thee conqueror, seen the crown
Laid on thee while the earth before thee knelt ;
And felt, if heart's earth-wean'd such thoughts may own,
Proud thoughts, that have no voice, that are but felt.
But thou wert nobler when thy spirit dwelt
Within the temple : all thy murmurings gone,
All melted, as in tears thy soul did melt,
Was it in mercy eclipse veil'd thy throne ?
'To teach us England yet could pray, weep, love,—be ONE!

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

“ Minds dedicate
To nothing temporal.”

SHAKSPEARE.

TWILIGHT was in the chamber, yet the flame
That burn'd around the sun's descending throne
In one long splendour thro' the casement came,
Tinging the sofa's silk, the Parian stone,
The picture's sculptured frames, that partial shone
Thro' that rich dusk, around the forms divine,
By MIND upon the Italian canvas thrown;
Like the carved pillars of an eastern mine;
At once the Indian's treasure-cave, and holy shrine.

The beam swept round, till its full glory fell
Upon an idol's, yet a woman's form ;
Her eye upon the sun, as if some spell
At once had on it fix'd the lofty charm.
She had been painting ;—and her snowy arm
Hung, pausing o'er the picture, like a ray ;
Her opening lip, her delicate cheek seem'd warm
With Inspiration's fires ;—till parting day
Veil'd her in purple shades ; and all sank soft away.

ON A GRAVE AT WATERLOO.

ὦ ξεῖν, ἄγγελον Λακεδαιμονίοις, ὅτι τῆδε
Κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων πειθόμενοι νομίμοις. (1.)

INSCRIPTION AT THERMOPYLE.

STRANGER, tho' here no laurel wave,
Here sleeps the bravest of the brave :
And never earth saw obsequies
Like his who in this green turf lies.
The might of nations rushing here
Beheld him close his high career ;
The sound in which he long'd to die,
Rose mingled with his dying cry ;
Earth shook, the heavens were wrapt in gloom,
The hour that laid him in the tomb ;

And the world heard, from shore to shore,
The shout that told the rite was o'er.

The forms that stood the grave beside
Were France and England's warrior-pride !
The gale that caught his dying sigh
Thunder'd with England's victory !
And the last shout the heavens that tore
Was France's blood extinguish'd roar !

ON A PORTRAIT, BY MASQUERIER,

Of a Lady standing before a Glass. She was then dying of a Consumption.

SHE looks within the mirror, and her form
Is from its dazzling crystal given again
In living beauty ; yet a hueless charm
Is on the lip ; the blue pellucid vein
Wanders across a brow, where silent pain
Sheds paleness on its polish'd ivory.
The crimson of that cheek has felt the stain
Of tears that flow'd unseen by human eye,
As from her pillow rose her midnight pray'r—to die.

And so she died,—in early beauty died,
A violet by its first soft show'r decay'd :
A flash of radiance on life's changing tide,
Just seen and loved, and sunk in evening's shade ;
A young sweet star, just risen, but to fade ;
And this fair image smiling in sad bloom
On her, so soon in quiet to be laid,
Looks like her angel, in its meekness come,
To tell her of her tomb, her calm, her hallow'd tomb.

SONG.

THOU loveliest of the lovely, where
Is thy bright spirit gone ?
Where is thy gentle throne ;
In what sweet and silver sphere ?

Tell me, my Angela, that I
All night on thee may gaze,
And know thy temple's blaze
From all the splendours of the sky.

Oh ! if the loved in death return,
To love and look upon
The pale, heart-broken one,
That weeps at midnight o'er their urn ;

Tell me, when on the blissful air
 They stoop, that I may be
 Found fit to welcome thee,
With hands and heart upraised in prayer.

Or art thou changed, and to mine eye
 A thing invisible ;
 Wrapped in the unpierced veil
Of holy immortality ?

No,—thou wilt stoop to earth no more,
 Thy glory were profaned
 By thoughts to earth still chain'd :
My Angela,—thy trial's o'er.

And I will follow thee, sweet love !
 Life's bitterness is past,
 The world is fading fast,
My spirit wings its way above.

ALADDIN.

Irregular Lines on a Picture by Stewardson.

ON the cavern-pavement thrown,
Faint with terror, pain, alone,
Young Aladdin dost thou lie,
Waiting for thy hour to die ?
Whirl'd in his enchanted sleep
Tens of thousand fathoms deep ;
What is o'er his shrinking head ?
Ocean thundering on its bed !
What beneath ? that rocky floor
Roofs the gulphs of burning ore.
The cavern shakes ; a sulphurous fume
Burns, in blue lustre, thro' the gloom ;

The vapour scorch'd him as it past ;—
He totters,—death is on the blast.
He falls,—his eyes still fix above,
For he thinks of his mother's woe and love :
And still he clasps his hands in pray'r
For her, while life yet beats, for *her* ;
Thankful, in his last agony,
That she could not behold him die.
There came a voice, it was wild and sweet,
Like the murmurs that on the twilight fleet,
As the sun gives his farewell look to the sky ;
His hot lip quiver'd with a sigh,
He felt the tear on his eyelids swim,
For the voice was like her evening hymn.
Is it a dream ? He feels his hand
Touch'd by a light and waving wand :
The youth gazed dimly from the stone :
Along the roof a radiance shone,
A crescent glory like the line
Of the new moon, pale, argentine ;
And hovering in its central white,
On purple wings a shape of light :
The eye that look'd its ringlets thro'
Was brighter than the star of blue

That lightens winter's midnight sky,
And on its ringlet's golden dye
A circlet shot a steady glow,
Like a ring of prison'd fire in snow.
It stoop'd, and with its pinions' wave
A breath of violets fill'd the cave.
It said, " Arise ! the prayer you sent
Was borne above the firmament,
In that pure prayer our master's hand
Pressed on the ' Signet of Command ;'
We heard it in our airy hall,
Above the Dog Star's burning ball.
Master, at thy summoning,
Behold the Genii of the Ring."

Then rose and fell on his ear a sound
Like music echoing under-ground,
Lonely, yet rich—as if subdued
The distant voice of multitude,
Or the wind's melody, when the sun
Has the first garland of crimson thrown
On the early Eastern sea,
Or the forest's evening harmony,
When every leaf has found a tongue ;
A swelling, sweet, inconstant song.

And thickly through the lunar light
Swept lovely shapes, then pass'd from sight ;
Wing'd spirits, that seem'd moving round
In dance to that decaying sound,
And on the curls of each fair brow
The ring of prison'd fire and snow.
The pomp is thro' the cavern gone,
Like night-dews sinking thro' the stone.
Aladdin knelt ; the Moslem's breast
Was bow'd in homage towards the east ;
He rose ;—the doubled darkness came,
The sulphurous vapours thicker swam ;
The thunder peal'd, the lightning shot,
And where it smote, a burning spot
Spread swift upon the granite wall ;
It waver'd like a fiery pall ;
Broader and still broader growing
Till the whole sheet of rock was glowing,
It burst at once in coils of flame,
Then on his ear in whirlwind came
Laughter, and shrieks, and battle cries,
Women's and warriors' agonies.

His heart was firm, upon his hand
He press'd the “ Signet of Command ;”

The dying flame before him roll'd :
He saw an opening porch of gold :
He sprang within, his eagle gaze
Sank in the strong and sun-like blaze
That shot from the trees of the Magic Bower,
Thick with gems as the drops of a summer shower.
And myrtle, and moss, and violet,
Broider'd the carpet at their feet
With gems, that shook, as if the breeze
But dropt them from the jewell'd trees.
The youth rush'd on ; he saw the lamp,
Like the central light of an Indian camp,
Where the turban'd Rajah and swarthy Khan
Prepare for the fight in the midnight Divan.
The sullen glare of that lofty light,
Mark'd the place of mystery and might.
The blaze of the talisman was sent
Thro' the wavering folds of a gorgeous tent,
That in hues of amber and purple shone
Like the clouds of the west encircling the sun,
For there it had flamed from earth's primal hour,
The spell, sun, soul, of the Diamond Bower.
The heart in Aladdin's breast beat high
With fear and with hope, for, as he drew nigh,

The curtain rose, and the lamp's fierce glare
Threw a simoom's heat on the breathless air.
Another step, and he touch'd the mount
On whose summit it stood. Like a fiery fount,
The lamp flung out long jets of fire,
That would rush to his feet, and then retire,
With the writhe of a wounded dragon's spire.
He was blind with the blaze, his strength was gone,
But he thought that he heard his mother's tone,
He thought 'twas her voice that sighed by his ear,
" She perish'd, if he perish'd there."
He press'd the " Signet of Command :"
A sweet breeze murmur'd by ; it fann'd
His cheek, and moisten'd the curling hair,
'That lay scatter'd and scorch'd on his forehead fair.
He climb'd the hill, a loud lament
Rang from the depths of the crimson tent ;
A thousand arrows seem'd to spring,
He could hear the whizzing of the string ;
A thousand swords round his turban swept,
Yet still his steady way he kept.
He touch'd the lamp, down sank the flame ;
'Thunder, and tempest, and darkness came :
His senses were gone : when he woke again,
He was standing beside the fearful den

Where he first had plunged :—in the distance lay,
On the western skirt of the desert grey,
A city,—can he believe his eyes?
'Tis Bagdad ;—he hears his native cries ;—
His camel sleeping beside him lies ;—
The ring's on his hand—the LAMP's in his robe!
He rises. * * * * *

ERRATA.

- Page 15, last line, for "delicious" read "bewitching."
29, line 15, for "the" read "he."
65, line 7, for "sounds" read "tones."
74, first line, for "his sleepless fancy to Valencia"
read "his sleepless thought to Barcelona."
181, line 2, for "their" read "its."

SEGUIDILLA.

THE more laborious poetry of Spain is generally disfigured by extravagancies that may be a portion of their Saracen memorials. But its trivial songs have sometimes a mixture of feeling and originality, scarcely inferior to the Greek. Those, however, are perhaps beyond translation.

Apetece tres cosas

El Amor," &c.

TO LOVE.

Young tyrant of the bow and wings,
Thy altar asks three precious things ;

The heart's, the world's most precious three,
Courage, and Time, and Constancy!
And Love must have them all, or none:
By Time he's wearied, but not won;
He shrinks from Courage hot and high;
He laughs at tedious Constancy;
But all his raptures, tender, true, sublime,
Are given to Courage, Constancy, and Time.

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